

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

**The New Departure**

HILAIRE BELLOC

**Hail, Christ of the Forsaken!**

AILEEN O'BRIEN

**Did Columbus Fail?**

GEORGE STUART BRADY

**Mexican Frankenstein**

RANDALL POND

**American Horizons**

R. DANA SKINNER

**The Spirit of New Spain**

CATHERINE DE HUECK

**Hang-overs, Moderns, Humanists**

EDWARD A. CONNELL

**OCTOBER, 1937**



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**THE SIGN**

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# THE SIGN

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# PERSONAL MENTION



Katherine Burton

—charm, directness, zeal for Catholic causes and a grasp of those problems which call most urgently for solutions.

Cleveland-born and a graduate of Western Reserve University, Katherine Burton has lived for the past twenty years in New York City. Her early ambition was to found and manage a settlement house. Marriage and her three children brought her other duties. Not a prophet in her own household, she reveals that the children prefer her cooking to her writing. She put in some enjoyable years as associate editor of *McCall's* magazine and of *Red Book*. Since her conversion, some years ago, she has written for many of our leading Catholic magazines. The first Catholic periodical to publish any of her work was *THE SIGN*. She has reason to feel at home in its pages.

We are happy to announce the forthcoming publication by Longmans, Green & Company of her book, *Sorrow Built a Bridge*. Her enthusiastic followers will enjoy this story of a daughter of Hawthorne.

• **SUPERLATIVES** are indicated for as dramatic a tale as we have seen. You will not easily forget the true story from Spain, *Hail, Christ of the Forsaken!* It is the revelation not only of an individual soul, but of the forces of evil which have seized those who have wrought such havoc in that country upon the Church.

AILEEN O'BRIEN, the author who gave us a few months ago the stirring account of an Alcazar hero, sends us further information about herself. San Francisco was the early home of this talented writer. But, with her family, she has spent years in South America, Switzerland and Ireland. After touring through Europe she devoted much of her time to the work of the *Pro Deo* organization. By lectures and exhibits of Communism's militant atheism, she and her companions became a thorn in the side of the Reds. As representative of the Irish



W. Joyce Russell

• **TURNED** to first by many of our subscribers is the page *Woman to Woman*. Many a time letters have flooded into the office, following some point of discussion raised by KATHERINE BURTON. It may be that we owe a word of apology for not enlarging long before this on a biographical note of an author who has so long been popular with our readers. We have felt that, in her writing, she has revealed many of her characteristics

Christian Front, she covered thoroughly all of Franco's territory, sending back to Ireland a report of medical needs. Her admiration for Franco's Requetes is unbounded. "If I loved Spain before," she writes, "I'd die for her today." She cannot understand the modern mind which sanctions dying in the name of science, of humanity, of sport—but never in the name of Christ. She is not anti-democratic, but hates the word democratic being used as a shield to hide men with milk in their veins.

• **TO SOME EARS** the claim put forth by Fr. W. JOYCE RUSSELL in *Catholics and Their Schools* will appear strong. But his argument is not easily refuted. With all the hue and cry of Communism's active propaganda, we may lose sight of the fact that those Catholics who do not support their own schools are aiding the growth of a godless generation.

At this writing, Fr. Russell is stationed in Cumberland—not too great a distance from his native city, Baltimore. From St. Mary's Seminary he went to Rome where he was ordained in 1931 after completing his course of studies. Opportunities were given him, while abroad, to pry into many off-the-route sections of Europe.

• **THE NIGHTMARE** of a Mexican *Frankenstein* now confronts the leaders of our neighbors, south of the Rio Grande. Information on the labor situation there comes from the authority who has kept readers of *THE SIGN* posted on conditions in that country. He does not care to destroy his usefulness by broadcasting his identity.

• **SO VARIED** are the interests and pursuits of R. DANA SKINNER that it is difficult to do more than hint at his activities and accomplishments in this short note. Detroit-born, he comes of distinguished ancestors. One was a founder of the *North American Review*. His grandfather was author of the classic, *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Graduating with honors from Harvard, he took up newspaper work in Washington. A captain of the American Air Service during the World War, he was made a member of the Legion of Honor by France. He received a decoration from Italy and a citation from General Pershing. On his return to America he began his present business career of economic and financial research.

The theatre and literature have been his constant avocations. For ten years his dramatic criticisms in *Commonweal* were highly respected and widely quoted.

In the present issue he directs our attention to *American Horizons*. It is his hope and expectation that a disciplined imagination may direct American genius to develop for future generations a distinctive culture.

Illustrations on this page are by Constance Naar.



R. Dana Skinner



# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



## Stand—And Be Recognized!

**ANYONE** who has been halted at the point of a gleaming bayonet knows that the password must be given with alacrity. In China, Spain and on the guarded frontiers of many nations the challenge is given a thousand times each night.

When war does come we are definitely committed. We are friend or foe. There is no middle classification. In a battle men aim at a certain point and drive for a particular objective. Hesitancy for soldiers is gone. From patriotism, from fear or from some mercenary motive they take sides and fight.

At the present moment we may be bewildered by undeclared wars, by alliances at which we can only guess, by mutual accusations, by national and international difficulties. But there is a more ominous note which, for those who can hear, rumbles above all these discordant sounds. It is the cry of those forces which hate Christ and His Church.

In some countries that cry has become articulate. It has called into action followers who, in many cases, bore no distinct marking until the moment of conflict which identified them as enemies. Saddest of all, it has spurred into violence numbers who were once reckoned as professed Catholics.

There is no reason, from history or human nature or the obvious records of the moment, to believe that we in this country cannot expect defections if and when a crisis comes. How few less desertions there would be, how much more united the front we could present to the enemy, were Catholic men and women to challenge their own secret thoughts now on the issues which confront them as members of the Church!

**WHEN** preparations for an attack are completed and the Church is marked for destruction, the line of cleavage is unmistakable. It widens swiftly and decisively. We are on one side or the other. It is too late to hesitate or to straddle. "Those who are not with Me are against Me."

But, protected even by a temporary peace, men imagine that they may postpone their decisions. They remain confused on the question of loyalty. Some are confused because they have not taken the time and effort to think their problems out to a conclusion. How profoundly shocked they would be if they were

bluntly asked whether they intend to desert and betray the Faith. How little embarrassment they would feel in admitting that they believe the Church should relax in some matters—let us say, divorce, marriage laws, birth control and the prohibition of certain types of reading. This is not a revelation. It is merely the expression of the findings which are too frequent to inquiring clergy and laity.

Nor is this warning put forth as a condemnation of the great percentage of our Catholics. There are too many evidences of their loyalty for that. Without pessimism we voice this counsel here because it is timely and necessary. We believe and hope that it can also be made effective. For faith that is weakened can be strengthened. Doubts that disturb can be cleared away. Ignorance, whether wilful or not, can be dissipated.

**T**HE first step is to discover and to acknowledge these very conditions. They must be brought to the surface and exposed. The Church has the answers and the remedies. But it can neither solve nor heal if difficulties are unspoken and wounds are hidden. On such wavering, uncertain members do those who fight against Christ count for recruits. Once they have gone over to the enemy they are implacable foes.

This very fact should explain to those who chafe under the Church's laws the reason why it throws such safeguards around Catholics. They are exposed to a more persistent and organized propaganda than they realize. Unless made conscious of it and protected against it they cannot but be affected.

It is well to challenge ourselves before the challenge is flung at us by others. Will we recognize ourselves, after a searching scrutiny of our faith and actions, as truly loyal Catholics? Are we merely following the externals of the Faith, or are we alert and eager to have an active share in all that concerns it? Time will not be lost in pondering such questions. They will lead to a strengthening of the Catholic spirit and to convinced and profitable Catholic action.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*

# CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **IN PUBLISHING** an article last month on the golden jubilee of the A.P.A. (the K.K.K. of our grandparents' day) we classed it as a bit of unedifying American history. Developments in recent weeks show that we touched on a very live issue.

## White Light on Black and the Klan

*The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* is alleging, at this writing, that Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black was and still is a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Nevertheless, on August 19, in the office of the secretary of the Senate, Hugo Black took the oath which made him a full-fledged member of the high court.

Since the Justice is visiting in Europe, international as well as national interest has been aroused. The stir caused by this serious accusation is not one of mere curiosity. The President's proposal in regard to the Supreme Court brought on a storm which proved that our citizens are deeply concerned with anything pertaining to the personnel and activities of that judicial body. Not only Catholics, Jews and Negroes, but Americans who do not come under those Klan-loathed categories are expressing their opinions that anyone who holds or who has held membership in the K.K.K. is entirely unfitted for the impartial rôle of a Supreme Court Justice.

The matter, however, does not end there. Even if Mr. Black should prove guiltless, the fact remains that the suspicion of his Klan affiliation was made public in the short debate preceding his confirmation. Was suspicion of such an affiliation so unimportant that the President did not bother to question him on it? Was the Senate's unconcern about the appointment the reason why it refused by roll-call vote to send Mr. Black's name to committee for the purpose of investigating the accusation? Americans of all classes and creeds will expect these questions to be answered.

That the Klan is not dead was confirmed by J. L. Baskin, who describes himself as the Grand Dragon of a Realm of the Invisible Empire. His territory embraces Virginia, West Virginia, the District of Columbia and Maryland. Membership in the Klan, he estimated as being over 60,000 in the New York metropolitan area. A drive is now in full swing, he asserted, to increase that membership. His greatest revelation was that "there is no bigotry in the Klan."

At a time when the nation is attempting to solve its labor, economic and financial difficulties and to keep its way on the path of peace, it must be distracted by the thought of those ultra-Americans who are sowing discord. There are, Mr. Baskin declares, 1,600,000 aliens who should be sent back to their homelands. As for the Negroes, he observed that they were good servants who could be made into good citizens.

Perhaps the white light of publicity now focussed on Justice Black may bring within its range activities which the country at large will now have an opportunity to suppress.

• **CERTAIN** recent events indicate a lessening of the tension which has existed in the relations between President Roosevelt and Mr. John L. Lewis, head of the C.I.O. Some rapprochement was to be expected. Further developments may strain the relations between the two, but circumstances

## Farmer-Labor Third Party

make each necessary for the other.

President Roosevelt has no desire to alienate the vote controlled by the C.I.O. He is astute enough as a politician to realize that his party needs these votes, and he will probably go along with the C.I.O. as far as he can without direct offense to the A. F. of L. or to the rest of the country.

On the other hand, C.I.O. talk of a third party uniting farmers and trade unionists is just so much bluff. To begin with, the interests of trade unionists and farmers are too divergent and even in many things opposed. Furthermore, the farmers are inclined to be suspicious of the radical tactics employed by C.I.O. unions in recent strikes.

Mr. John L. Lewis is too smart a man not to read with profit the lessons of other third party experiments, especially that of the older LaFollette in 1924. Even were organized labor united, as it certainly is not at present, the launching of a third party would be an extremely dubious venture. The C.I.O. claims a membership of about 3,000,000, and the A. F. of L. of about 3,600,000. With more workers outside the unions than within, it is easy to see what chance the C.I.O. would have with a political party of its own.

The leaders of organized labor will do labor a service by keeping themselves and their followers free from cumbersome political entanglements and by refusing to become identified with any political party. With the influence they possess through their independent voting powers, they can obtain enlightened and progressive labor legislation much more quickly and easily than by attempting the disastrous experiment of founding their own party.

• **THE** good earth of China runs red with blood. Her sons and those of Japan are locked in fierce struggle. What was expected to be a quickly settled and localized

## Undeclared War in the Far East

"incident" has developed into the major hostilities of an undeclared war. The world looks on, shocked at the shambles of Shanghai, and wonders what the outcome of the conflict will be.

It is with a natural and not a selfish anxiety that the United States considers the scene. Weighed against our interests in the Far East must be the thought of the tremendous holocaust which war there, or any place, would involve. The safety of Americans in dan-

ger zones is a matter of concern to the U. S. government.

The general stand taken by Catholic missionaries is that, wherever possible, they will stay at their posts. This decision is reached not from lack of appreciation for the safe conduct offered them, but from the belief that it is their duty to remain with their flocks. Our readers will be gratified to know that the Passionist Fathers, the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph in northwestern Hunan have cabled that for the present they are free from danger.

Whilst the progress of the struggle along the extended battle-lines is being watched by the nations of the world, even closer study is being given to possible international developments. Will not the blockading of the China coast drive the people of that country into the arms of Russia—the very alliance which Japan claims that her invasion is aimed against? Can western nations expect to hold their present status if either side should win a decisive victory? Will Japan succeed in establishing a strong base in northern China from which to operate against the Soviet Government? Does Moscow lie waiting for the Japanese to wear themselves out against China before launching an attack? Or can we rely on the sagacity of China's leaders to see a loophole soon and drive a bargain that will bring them out with honor and with a greater power for good?

Even those involved in the struggle cannot give the answers, no matter how well they may have planned beforehand. For various are the events of war. Some uncalculated factor may upset well-laid schemes and bring crashing down to failure the surest hopes. It is this chance—not a remote one—which worries the world. The wonder is that the nations have not been embroiled before this. Have they learned the value of peace, or do they prepare for a more disastrous war than man has yet known?

• THE united voice of the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in Spain has at last been heard, in a joint Pastoral Letter—at least in the Catholic Press. It is only fair to state that some of

### Spanish Bishops' Pastoral

the great metropolitan secular dailies in this country printed extracts from it and the *New York Times* published it in full. This is more than was done by the secular papers of England. By so doing these papers made some reparation for the false news and editorial bias which have characterized most of the secular papers and periodicals throughout the country.

Every Bishop in Spain (who was alive) signed the Pastoral, with the exception of Bishop Mugica of Vitoria in the Basque region, who was absent in Rome.

The Pastoral brings out in bold relief certain points, among many others, which it is important to stress. First, the Bishops maintain that they had loyally supported the authority of the State since the inception of the Republic in 1931, in spite of the many and serious provocations for the withdrawal of that support. Second, with regard to the rising of General Franco, they say: "The Church never wanted this; thousands of her sons, obedient to the voice of conscience and patriotism, but on their own personal responsibility, took up arms to defend the principles of religion and Christian justice; but whoever accuses the Church of having provoked this war disregards or falsifies reality." Third, as to the lawfulness of armed resistance against the State, the Bishops aver: "War, though it is man's greatest af-

fiction, is sometimes the heroic remedy, and the only one, to force conditions back to the balance of justice and the level of peace. So far no other alternative has been discovered." All legal and political means for righting the wrongs of Spain had been tried and failed. The basis of the Bishops' contention concerning the lawfulness of the rising is this: "The inevitable logic of facts drove the Spanish people to two alternatives: either to succumb to the last assault of destructive Communism, which had been definitely planned and decided, as happened in countries where the National movement failed, or to try in a gigantic effort to shake off the dreaded enemy." In substantiation of Communism's planned revolution in Spain, the Bishops quote an anarchist leader, who confessed: "Let us state things as they are, and the truth is that the military stole a march on us and thus checked the revolution."

• THE doctrine upheld by the Spanish Hierarchy is that taught in orthodox Catholic theology. Just as an individual may resist an unjust aggressor against his life, even

### Resisting an Unjust Aggressor

to the extent of killing him, if necessary; so a nation may resist by arms when the nation is threatened by forces that would destroy it, as militant and atheistic Communism certainly intended to do.

There are certain people who, deceived by a false pacifism, or because of a distorted idea of the Gospel teaching on meekness, patience and love of enemies, would have applauded the non-resistance of patriotic Spaniards, even though it would have resulted in the destruction of their country. This, at least, would seem to be the logical interpretation of their attitude. But there are others who, hating and detesting war as much as intelligent pacifists, feel that General Franco and his patriots chose the only course open in order to save Spain from the scourge of Muscovite tyranny. His resistance may yet prove to be the effectual barrier to the Communizing of Europe and the salvation of historic and Christian ideals. The Bishops' Pastoral supports this attitude.

The Pastoral Letter has already been translated into English and published in pamphlet form in England, and it is promised for the United States. Catholics are urged to obtain a copy for themselves, so that they may know what the Spanish Hierarchy have to say in regard to an issue which has been heavily overlaid and deliberately confused with false and vicious propaganda.

• TO AMERICANS—Catholic and non-Catholic—there is something completely unintelligible in the ferocious attacks which have been made on the Catholic Church

### A Case of Directed Anarchy

in Spain. Churches have been burned, the Blessed Sacrament desecrated, priests and nuns tortured and murdered, and every conceivable profanation committed. Were most, or even all, of the charges made against the Church and her priests true—and they certainly are not—we would still be at a loss to understand the flood of fury which has been loosened.

Whatever else it is, this outburst against the Church is not a spontaneous popular movement. It has been



aroused by skilled leaders and it has affected a small but extremely active minority.

Mr. Paul Claudel, former French Ambassador to the United States, says very well on this subject:

"Taine speaks of a spontaneous Anarchy. Here is a case of *directed* Anarchy. It is impossible to believe that, without a word of order and without a methodical organization, all churches without exception in the Red zone would have been burned, all religious objects minutely sought out and destroyed and almost all the priests and religious of both sexes massacred with unheard of refinements of cruelty, and pursued like ferocious beasts.

"One must insist on this point: this devastation, in reality, was solely the work of a conscious and rabid minority. The rest must be charged to the unleashed brute, that 'gorilla' of whom Taine speaks, which sleeps in every human being and which, once it is freed from social restraint, dotes upon the odor of blood and fire and no longer knows what it is doing."

An excellent confirmation of this explanation will be found in the true story "Hail, Christ of the Forsaken!" by Alleen O'Brien, which appears on page 141. This account of actual events, one of the most striking that has yet come from war-torn Spain, is in itself a study of the psychological factors that make up the Red, anti-Church mentality.

• **THE New York Times** carried a news item recently to the effect that "a set of ten books which frankly challenge the validity of contemporary views on sex,

### The "Higher Morality"

and teachers' colleges throughout the country. Instead, the books offer a 'higher morality' divested of superstitions, habits and customs, racial superiorities and economic frustrations." Three of these books are intended primarily for students, one for fathers and mothers, entitled "Do Adolescents Need Parents?", and the remaining six for teachers.

Among the topics which will be treated are such grave questions as "petting" and pre-marital experience. "The Higher Morality" teaches that such things must not be regarded in the light of outworn "taboos", but must be looked at "realistically." The extracts which *The New York Times* quotes do not explicitly approve sexual license, but there is at least an implicit tolerance of it.

This "Higher Morality" comes forward with peculiar irony during the very period when the country is shocked by a number of revolting "sex" crimes. The teaching of these books, it appears to us, would only serve to encourage excesses in human conduct.

The authors of these books confess that "some vital spark has been missing from our great educational machine. The evidence lies in a restless and turbulent younger generation that is mostly either surprisingly ignorant or surprisingly well versed in things that aren't so." Indeed, a "vital spark" is missing from our "great educational machine." That missing spark is the teaching of true religion and the morality which derives from true religion. Advanced methods of pedagogy alone will not supply this lack. What is urgently needed is to be "realistic" about man, his nature and his destiny. Only true religion can supply that. What

is needed, says Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Christian Education, is not more knowledge of sexual topics, but more strength of will to resist dangers. It is not "self-expression" but *self-repression* that is needed. True, there are exaggerated ideas about sex and kindred topics, the vestiges of Puritan tradition. These are no part of genuine Christian morality. Yet, at the same time they represent an attitude which is morally healthy in its foundations. This attitude, which is associated with "taboos" in current pedagogy, will not be corrected by swinging to the other extreme.

We consider these books a distinct danger to the moral education of youth. Catholic taxpayers should interest themselves in the districts where these books are introduced in the public schools, for they are taxed for their support and have the right to protest when attacks are made on essentially sound ethical and moral standards. True ethical standards of conduct do not change with the years, any more than the multiplication table changes with the weather. To adopt an attitude which implies that they do is to undermine the foundations of all moral order.

• **FOR many years THE SIGN** has published articles from Hilaire Belloc, written exclusively for its pages. These articles have dealt with the history of the Church, especially the crises through which she has passed and the personalities that have loomed large, either as her enemies or her protagonists.

### Belloc on Church and World

It is appropriate, we think, that this great author who has written such illuminating pages on the past should throw the searchlight of history on the present and describe for our readers the situation in which the Church finds herself in this modern world. Francis Bacon well said: "histories make men wise." It is only in the light of her history that one can understand the Church today.

With "The New Departure" in this issue, Mr. Belloc begins a series of articles on "The Church and the Modern World." The author will apportion the articles into six groups. The first will treat of the function of the Church in maintaining the supernatural against the merely natural interpretation of men—their political arrangements and their forms of knowledge. The second will deal with the conflict of the Church and exaggerated nationalism, the most immediate of the modern troubles. The third group will deal with the social-economic problems, and the double conflict which the Church maintains against the abuse of property on the one hand, and Communism on the other. The fourth will deal with the closely allied subject of the family and show how danger to the family appears through false educational doctrine, and through divorce. The fifth will deal with the conflict of the new revolutionary ideas with human dignity, and the function of Catholicism in maintaining this dignity and its safeguards, the decencies of speech and conduct. The sixth division will be a summary of all that has gone before.

As Mr. Belloc writes in a letter to the Editor: "In the conflict between the Church and the now attempted revolution of human society through anti-Christian forces, there is no other serious opponent to the revolution save the Catholic Church."

In Mr. Belloc's articles you will find a vivid and profound study of this titanic struggle for the minds and hearts of men in which the Church and the world are now engaged.



# The New Departure

A Widening Line of Cleavage Is Separating Those Who Believe  
in The Fundamentals of Christianity From Those Who Do Not

By HILAIRE BELLOC



HARKIEWICZ

A photograph of Hilaire Belloc taken on his recent visit to America.

## Culture a Product of Religion

**W**HEN dealing with the very important affairs of men, the fate of their civilizations and their national societies, there is a certain postulate with which we must begin our examination. Unfortunately, this postulate is not familiar to most people today. Although it is quite certain and fundamental, it comes to most people, when they first hear it, as something unusual, and probably worthless because it is eccentric.

The postulate is this: "A civilization or culture is the product of its religion."

Of course a great many other things come in to form any human society. There is race (commonly very much exaggerated by people today); there is language; there is climate. Each of these factors has its place in the general result; but

the general philosophy held by a society, the sanctities which it accepts, its code of right and wrong, and the rest, these (which in their sum total we call religion) are what form human societies.

Any culture is what it is through an informing spirit, just as every individual is what he is through some informing spirit which determines the moods of his soul and the conclusions of his mind, and that informing spirit in any great human group we call its religion. That is the right name for it, even when men refuse to use that name. The men who make war on Christian doctrine, for instance, or the men who, in the Mohammedan world, are making war upon all the old faith of Islam, pride themselves on having no religion, and on particularly attacking all religion. They think they only make a negative proclamation, but

in doing so they are making an affirmation. If you say there is no God, or no such thing as right and wrong, you are proclaiming a doctrine, just as much as when you affirm the existence of God or a code of morals.

Now the civilization in which we live was made by the Christian religion. It has origins, of course, that go back to times before the founding of the Christian religion, but all the characters specific to our civilization came from the fact that our civilization was Christian.

## A Turning Point in History

**I**T is of utmost interest to know that in this our day—the end of the first third of the Twentieth Century—the Christian religion which made us is undergoing a complete transformation of its conditions. On this account we are at a main turning point in human history. We are at a new departure, and it is a matter of life and death for us to know exactly what that new departure is.

We cannot tell whither we are going, for no man can foresee the future; but we can at least analyze and define what is going on before our eyes, and judge from what point the new departure is being undertaken. We can discover what the transformation in conditions is and analyze the various effects which that transformation is beginning to show.

Here, at the outset, it is very important to get our terms precise and clear. The Christian religion—the full expression of which is the Catholic Church—is not itself undergoing transformation. It never has and never will, for the Church is divine and unchangeable. But the conditions in which the Church finds itself, and the environment in which she works, are undergoing a prodigious transformation. It is this change in the conditions surrounding the Church and its action today which we have to appreciate.

There are three main truths on the great transformation which is going on before our eyes.

*First:* The Christian religion which was once universal throughout our civilization is now becoming particular: active in only one section of society instead of being active over the whole of it.

*Second:* The variety of Christian habit and teaching has declined almost to nothing. We used to form a civilization of mixed orthodox, schismatic and heretical Christian forms. Today we are in reality divided into only two camps, two hostile forces: Catholic and Pagan. Tomorrow this reality of today will have become universally admitted.

*Third:* The whole world is now strongly affected by any major action taking place in any part of it.

### Fundamental Beliefs

**L**et me make this clear. When I say that the Christian religion was universal until quite lately, I mean the main doctrines inherited from the Catholic past were, until lately, still inherited by all the white world. They were taken for granted, and acted upon, consciously or unconsciously, throughout Europe and in the New World wherever the civilization founded in Europe had spread. In all the various European countries, and the States of Northern and Southern America, the main leading doctrines—a personal God, our Creator, to whom we are answerable for our actions, the immortality of the soul, the institutions of Christian marriage, monogamy, the Christian view of property—all these were, by the great mass of men, unquestioned until the great and recent, almost sudden, change of which I speak.

These are now not merely questioned by a few, but wholly denied by numbers so large as to form a formidable body in our civilization. Moreover, that body is increasing rapidly, not only in size but in conviction and energy. It is, as I have said, a New Paganism which proposes to subvert our old world though it has no one spirit or program whereby it can build a new one.

That is the first truth on the great change. The second truth is that over against this New Paganism there is no longer, as there was until lately, a mixed Christian body, varying from those who held all the ancient doctrines of our Faith to those who held a part only, and from those who held the Faith actively and practiced it to those who held it less and less firmly and practiced it less well. The New Paganism has now only one opponent—the organized Catholic Church. All the battle already lies and in the near future will lie more and more be-

tween the Catholic Church whose main business it will be to defeat and exterminate the New Paganism, and that same New Paganism whose main business it will be to defeat and exterminate the Catholic Church.

The third truth is that the old geographical limits which cut off each part of the globe from the rest are disappearing; so that the struggle between the Catholic Church and its mortal enemy must inevitably become as worldwide as it is mortal. Today the instruments of communication between men have not only gained vastly in efficiency with rapidity and diffusion, but in their manifest effects. If a popular film, for instance, is based upon a certain philosophy, and indirectly preaches certain points of view on morals or on faith, that film will make its appeal to the whole world, and will make it at much the same moment.

Our civilization, until lately, was not only a thing inspired by one main philosophy, but was restricted to one part of the globe—Europe and America, and one or two small societies outside them. There was a barrier between it and the older heathen world of Asia and Africa. Today that barrier is broken down. The breaking down of that barrier does not only mean that we shall more and more directly affect people outside our own sphere; it does not only mean that Europe and America will mold new societies in China and India, for instance. It also means that the ancient philosophies of the East will react upon ourselves.

Let us go into this with a little more detail.

I say that the Christian religion which was (though only on its largest lines and more and more vaguely) universal throughout our culture in Europe and America, is now becoming under our very eyes no longer universal, but particular.

### Our Common Faith

**Y**ou and I believe in God, recognize immortality, hope for heaven, fear damnation. We are attached to the fruits of the old religion, to property and the family, to certain guarantees of human dignity in decencies of speech and habit, certain definitions of justice, and so on. But we now have immediate neighbors in great numbers who are not only losing this influence, but are directly opposed to it. They are opposed on the prime matter of a belief in a personal God, and on all that flows from this basic dogma. The Great Change has been admirably put by the reigning Pope in one of his late encyclicals, in

which he says that the denial of God which was once the eccentricity of an intellectual few is becoming the accepted commonplace of great masses.

When the fundamentals of the Christian religion were held universally, however vaguely, there was a conflict of ideas within our civilization, which conflict, in the main, was determined by two currents proceeding from the Reformation; the current of the Catholic culture and the current of those who had criticized and rebelled against the authority of the Catholic Church four hundred years ago. In other words, we were concerned with orthodox and heretical doctrines, and when the interest in doctrine began to decline we were still concerned with the fruits of such doctrine.

### The Line of Cleavage

**B**ut the spiritual contrasts and conflicts which more and more concern us are not so divided. The line of cleavage is becoming more and more clearly one between the Catholic Church on the one side, with all it implies, the spirit which proceeded from it; and on the other side a direct opposition to the body of Catholic morals and doctrines, including the prime doctrine of a personal, omnipotent, beneficent and creative God. The question is no longer as it used to be: "Which doctrine of the Christian group, or which point in Christian morals shall we emphasize?" but rather: "Is any one of the old transcendental values valid?" This enormous revolution in social mood is now at work everywhere and gets more and more active with every year that passes.

Men rapidly adapt themselves to changed conditions, but those now over fifty, casting their minds back to the old state of affairs, and contrasting it with that under which we now live, will appreciate, with a shock, the violence of the contrast. In the old days men asked: "By what authority?" Today they are asking: "Is authority a tenable conception?" In the old days they would select this or that for special sanctity, despise and reject this or that other. Today they ask whether any sanctities of conduct or doctrine are real; whether such sanctities are not, all and each of them, mere figments of the human mind, imposed on us by nothing more than our human imaginations.

In the midst of this chaos, Catholic doctrine and practice will soon stand opposed by all that is not Catholic throughout the world. All problems have now become world problems. Their solution is proposed

upon many lines, but all are combined against one voice proclaiming a solution: the solution proclaimed to all the world by the Faith. That solution is eagerly accepted and put forward by those who still maintain the ancient standards, so that the Catholic Church is becoming more and more the bulwark against a general revolution which, be it remembered, is as eagerly supported and desired by millions upon millions of human beings.

### Stemming the Tide

THE revolution so desired and preached in words and in deeds (of murder and ruin among other forms of action) proclaims as its end the abolition of the family, the enslavement of the individual will, the negation of the Unseen. It has declared war upon Heaven. We, and we alone, we of the Faith, are engaged in stemming this tide, in halting and overthrowing its advance.

Therefore are we all now, both ourselves and our foes, upon the threshold of a new phase in world history, a phase in which the Church will affirm itself with renewed vigor, and also will inevitably encounter a new and general persecution.

To say that these contrasts, and this conflict, are now apparent, to say that the battle is already engaged between the two main forces, Christian and anti-Christian, is not enough to determine the nature of the struggle. There has been left by the sudden collapse of the old certitudes a void, a newly formed gulf of emptiness.

Every void is filled. Upon the collapse of anything, large or small, there comes in to replace what has disappeared some new material. Therefore the void now before us will, in its turn, be occupied. Anti-Christ is on his way. Something is coming upon us which will have a power and life of its own. What that something will be we do not know. But we do know that men must always worship, that they will always find some object for worship, and whatever they worship, that they will themselves become. What ultimate form the spirit will take, which shall appear as protagonist against the Faith in the future, none can say. We are incapable of foreseeing what pattern the new conflict between the Church and the world will make; what we can do is to grasp our new position as sole defenders of the right.

The individual Catholic throughout the world will inevitably become the unit of defense against the revolution; a revolution which is not

merely political change but a threat of complete subversion.

It is known already, and will soon be manifested to all, our function, the Catholic function, to play this supreme part. We shall have to regard ourselves as the garrison of human order.

Therefore we must act as do soldiers in any campaign, surveying the whole field, gathering material for their intelligence department, and making for victory by their comprehension of the situation. We must discover, label and analyze, the new hostile activities. We must master the political and economic problems to which the Christian and anti-Christian propose their contradictory and irreconcilable solutions. We must penetrate the plans of our enemies, and though we cannot as yet judge them by their fruits (for some of them are still only theories, and others have only been in practice for a few years as yet) we can describe to all and reveal to all the new action now engaged between the Faith and the forces of false doctrine which, if they win, will eventually destroy all.

There are certain main divisions into which the practical work of this world-battle will fall. These divisions (which I will deal with separately in the articles to follow) I will enumerate before concluding this present preliminary introduction.

### The Root of the Quarrel

THERE is, first, at the root of the whole affair, the quarrel as to how things are known, and what can be known. This may be entitled "The Seen" and "The Unseen." It is the main and radical conflict between those who accept the supernatural and those who deny it. We must understand what St. Paul called "the evidence of things unseen." We must understand why and how our opponents reject that evidence, and how and why we can and do maintain it. To this will be devoted a first short group of articles.

Next will come the practical political questions. These may be put in almost any order, for they all spring from the conflict between faith and no faith. The order I have chosen is, therefore, arbitrary; but I think it will serve.

First, then, we will consider a set of articles on the conflict between the Church and Nationalism—the quarrel between the idolatry which men fall into when they make a god of the State and substitute patriotism for the ultimate value of religion. This debate is the chief debate of our moment, and therefore

perhaps, it should best come first.

But there is another debate of equal intensity, of greater scope, and rapidly increasing its hold on men's thoughts; and that is the debate upon social conditions: the ancient quarrel between the rich and poor.

### Two Rival Theories

THERE is a conflict between the Church and two rival theories which involve two rival practices. One is called, vaguely, the Capitalist, but can be more properly defined as the abuse of property. The other is the theory of Communism which denies the right to productive property. It must be our business to understand why, and how, the Church defends the institution of property, and at the same time, denounces its abuse. It must be our business to show how the development of either false doctrine, the doctrine which proclaims the omnipotence of wealth and which regards as a supreme good the personal acquisition of it, and the other doctrine, which would destroy private property altogether, and with it the institutions of freedom.

After this, we must turn to matters closely allied, and intermingled with this matter of property—the affair of the family. The Church defends the family as the only natural unit of the State, and the institution whereby human society maintains its health. The revolution, of which we are the only opponents who can hope for victory, is directed against the family as it is directed against every other fruit of Catholic philosophy. The thing must be described, and especially must we show how far our opponents have proceeded already in their destructive efforts. We must show how the most insidious form of the attack has been the unnatural and false substitute of public authority for domestic authority over the young. That is the first part of the discussion on the family. The second point is, of course, divorce.

The last point we will consider more briefly—the attack on human dignity; that is, the attack on those decencies whereby the life of men in society is reasonably maintained, and in the absence of which a moral chaos involves the destruction of society.

On the conclusion of what has been discussed under these five heads, I shall propose a last division by way of summary of what has been said.

Such is the program I propose for the articles which will appear monthly in THE SIGN and of which the present is an introduction.





# American Horizons

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Disciplined Imagination May Bring Science to Serve Mankind's Spiritual Well-Being

ment and growth from the seeding time to the time of withering. The mustard seed certainly does not produce a cactus. The Greeks could not have changed into Gothics. Their precise and self-contained temples could not have changed insensibly into the aspiring towers, the flying buttresses and the gargoyles of a Notre Dame cathedral. Undoubtedly the Greek civilization did rise to a zenith, transmit much of its character and strength to Rome, and then decline.

So too the Gothic era of Europe did have its seeding in the turmoil, racial strife and gaudy barbarism of the Dark Ages, its triumphant youth in the thirteenth century, its curiosity-ridden maturity from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and is having today its rebellious and querulous entry into old age. The magnificent obviousness of Spengler in discovering that life does follow the laws of life was matched only by his high ingenuity in decorating the obvious with specific ornaments and trappings, in specifying just what made Greek inalienably Greek and Gothic something unquestionably not Greek. Where his common sense and his imagination failed him utterly was in not seeing that the emerging civilization of America is unquestionably neither Greek nor Gothic. It is something quite new on the horizons of the world.

For Americans, this specific fallacy of Spengler's—this inclusion of American culture in the concept of a declining West—has a large practical importance. It creates a monstrous spiritual and mental hazard in our approach to our own future. It gives us a wholly unwarranted sense of predestination, as if a child of fine blood and rich potential ability were never to know its true parents and

be brought up as the adopted child in a family whose stock had run dry.

That child would grow up in a cloud of futility. He might eventually break through it with sheer inner strength and instinct. But he would think of himself, at best, as the last of a line and never as the first. He would doubt his own creative power, would mistrust his surging impulses as mere illusions and might end by accepting as inevitable the destiny of his adoption instead of the promise of his true birth. The spiritual independence of America is of vastly more importance than even its political independence. The form means nothing without the inner substance. Spengler attacked that substance.

OUTWARD and visible circumstances alone should have led Spengler to suspect the separateness of European and American culture. The mere fusion of many contrasting racial and cultural strains, of Slavonic, Mediterranean and Oriental with Anglo-Saxon, Germanic and Celtic could hardly fail to produce something as yet unseen in world history. But Spengler (using his name more as a symbol of an all too common assumption than as an individual interpreter of history) saw only the surface. He saw in the manners, customs, literature, art and architecture of America only certain definite symptoms of the European colony, distinct politically, but at one in spirit with the parent civilization. He was like a visitor in the city of Paris about the year 1200 who could see in the externals of that day nothing more than the outpost and remnants of the dying days of Rome.

Paris of the year 1200 was in a spiritual ferment, but it still carried the external marks of the Roman empire. The prevailing architecture was in the pattern of Rome—the low buildings, the rounded arches, the heritages of Greco-Roman precision and concreteness. If you had ignored the recent history of France, the infiltration of Frankish blood, the clash and fusion of Gallic and Ger-

THE dispiriting—and by no means original—doctrine of Oswald Spengler to the effect that civilizations, like men, are dust and must return to dust, still threatens to influence thousands upon thousands of people who have never even heard of Spengler. Like the thousands who are luxuriously wallowing in imagined inferiority complexes, knowing nothing of either Freud or Jung, the indirect sufferers from Spengler are waxing both in numbers and in influence upon their unsuspecting neighbors. In Europe this state of mind may not be amiss—for European culture does show signs of aging arteries. But in America, it is a crime against youth. It is limiting our horizon of American life to the sad colors of the setting sun.

It is probably quite true—as Spengler insisted—that great cultures or civilizations have an individual and organic nature, that they are somewhat akin to plants, following certain inner laws of develop-



manic elements, the forging power of the Crusades and the mental curiosity that had already begun to draw upon the philosophies of the known world, you might easily have agreed that Paris was a Roman city, that its apparent vitality was a last spasm of the decadence of Rome.

But in the next sixty short years, something happened to reveal the true nature of the Parisian ferment. Men from every part of France had gone forth to the last of the great Crusades. From Normandy and Burgundy, from the fertile regions later called La Beauce, from the city of Paris itself, thousands of the young men of this melting-pot France had gone forth to the Near East, to the birth place of the European race, to enrich themselves unconsciously through contact with an older civilization than their own and older even than that of Rome. The common impulse of their pilgrimage brought a new unity into their lives. As they returned, to scatter again to every remote corner of France, they brought back with them an understanding of their own separateness from the East and from Rome as well. They gave this understanding an external expression. By the year 1260, the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, reaching upward into limitless space, cast pointed shadows over the city of Paris—an outward symbol of something never before seen in human history, of something indigenous to France, or rather to the new European soul, the symbol of the Gothic age that had just been born.

PARIS of 1200 carried the Gothic in its womb, concealed from the casual gaze, but stirring with life. The Spenglers of that year would have seen only the garments of Rome. Sixty brief years would have confounded their ignorance and their limited vision. The Gothic soul, reaching everywhere into space, curious beyond past dreams of humanity, delving into shadowy mysteries and buoyant with the eagerness of youth, had taken to itself form and substance and had cut forever its tie to the civilization of the Caesars.

The externals of American life today are quite as much a part of the old age of the Gothic as the externals of Paris in the year 1200 were part of the old age of Rome. In literature, with rare exceptions, we follow European patterns. In philosophy we bow mentally to the great names of England, France, Germany and Italy. In art, we trail slowly behind the Cezannes, Manets and Picassos, or return with nostalgic

affection to the Corots or even to the rigid Academicians. In our more important music, we show an anaemic allegiance to Gothic masters, with an occasional adoption of wholly alien Slavonic concepts. Our architecture, after one burst of Colonial independence, in which crude building materials and classic lore found a strange combination, now resembles nothing so much as a museum of all known forms from older civilizations—with European heavily predominating. Our politics are patterned, with due Colonial suspicion and modification, on the British. Our economic life, after subsisting wholeheartedly on the Manchester *laissez-faire* school, is now running with equal zeal toward European forms of paternalism.

IN ALL cases there are hopeful and promising exceptions—a book of independent and original thought, a play of passionately native tang, a painting of stark originality, a building that rises with unheralded form. But the prevailing external fibre of American life clings to European forms, past and current.

Beneath these forms, however, there stirs profound unrest. It could hardly be otherwise. Every element precedent to the birth of an astonishingly new civilization seethes in the turmoil of American life. A new continent—still new, and still with unsuspected frontiers—provides the elements of geography and climate. A vast migration of human beings from every other civilized and uncivilized segment of the world provides the wholly new combination of racial and cultural strains. Never before in recorded history have one hundred and twenty million people been amassed in one area of untouched land in the short space of three hundred years. Never before has such a group of people attempted to govern themselves unfettered by earlier and traditional forms of organization.

Add to this obvious and factual set of circumstances the impact of a scientific and technical age which has only come into existence since the formation of America, and for that reason exerts a new and immediate, rather than an historical influence upon the American mind. Had the rapid acceleration of the scientific age been an accepted fact in European culture before the founding of America, it would be a part of our European heritage. Instead, its effect upon us has been individual and distinct. To give but one illustration, it brought into being that wholly American phenomenon, the sky-scraper.

A further and unique element in American life, entirely foreign to European culture, has been the complete historic separation of Church and State. This was not true of all the individual colonies, of course, but it has been emphatically true of our life as a nation. No one could possibly understand the history or the culture of Europe without a thorough knowledge of Church history and of those distinct ideas characteristic of Protestant as against Catholic cultural traditions. In contrast, no one could possibly understand the development of American life whose approach was conditioned by an historic intermingling of religious and secular culture. Here, again, America presents an entirely new set of circumstances, involving a new predisposition in the surge and settlement of conflicting ideas and emotions.

There was, in fact, far more in common between twelfth century France and Roman culture than we can find today between twentieth century America and the declining Gothic culture of Europe. In spite of the Frankish invasions, twelfth century France was more homogeneous in population than any section of America today. Even on New England farms today, one finds Italian families replacing or mingling with the native Yankee stock. Our cities form an agglomeration of the bloods of the world, and not merely a mixture of two or three well defined racial strains.

IF WE add the simple fact that the American admixture has come from peaceful immigration and settlement rather than through the European tradition of military conquest, we have completed in a cursory but sufficient fashion the outline of a condition dominating the lives of a hundred and twenty million people. It is utterly different in origins and circumstances from any condition known to previous world history. It is inconceivable with these profound differences in time, place, manner of settlement, in racial and cultural admixture and in spiritual discipline—or lack of it—that the innermost soul of America should fail to achieve an ultimate civilization as distinct from the European Gothic as the Gothic itself was distinct from the Greco-Roman or from the Arabian or Babylonian or Egyptian.

But there still remains the question of when this American civilization—or culture—will actually emerge in a form so distinct that even contemporary historians and philosophers will recognize it and

be able to detect and describe its high characteristics. We can well imagine a twelfth century Roman passing through France without discovering the identity of the Gothic soul. But he could not have failed to discover it by the middle of the thirteenth century. He could not have looked up at the towers of Notre Dame without a sense of strangeness, without a sharp consciousness that here stood something utterly alien to the Roman Road, and equally alien to the Acropolis. When will the European visitor to America receive a similar certainty that he is among aliens?

**H**E may have intimations of separateness even today, but nothing that amounts to certainty. He may feel the accelerated tempo of our lives, yet believe that tempo to be a matter of degree only and not of inner spirit. The tempo of Tours, after all, is vastly slower than the tempo of Paris or Berlin. Yet all three places are European to the heart. He may notice an emerging racial type, yet find it far less distinct than the respective European types of Toulouse, Rotterdam and Vienna. He may be stunned into silence by gazing at the towering flat slab of Rockefeller Center, and still believe that its design is an accident of convenient building materials rather than some mystical outward expression of the American soul.

He may discover a deep animosity toward European national intrigues and yet comfort himself with the notion that this is merely the rebellion of the child against its parent and an outcropping of provincial inferiority. He may sense the self-sufficiency and quiet strength of our middle west without thinking that it represents more than a relic of pioneer days which must pass, in time, into a more sensitive—and appreciative!—world outlook. And against all these minor intimations of cultural differences, he will balance the countless superficial ways in which we pattern our lives still on the European model.

It is hard even for an American, and for one searching earnestly and deliberately for signs of a distinctive American civilization, to find symptoms of deep impending change. Intuition must play a large part, at best. But there is one reason, one palpable and major reason, for suspecting that the day of America's clear separateness is not very far off. That reason springs from the aftermath of our physical entry into the world war. This, in an understandable way, was our moral equiva-

lent of the last Crusade of France which brought the Gothic into visible and triumphant being.

The Crusade performed the double task of giving divided racial and sectional groups in France a unifying common enterprise and of placing them in direct contact with an older civilization near the source of all European life. On their return, the men of France saw themselves more clearly, both as men of one potential nation, and as men wholly distinct from the culture of the East. They saw at once their unity and their separateness. They saw each other as cultural neighbors, and all other men as aliens. It is hardly too much to suppose that this fact played a large part—even though unconsciously—in spurring them toward the completion of their individuality and its expression in outward and visible signs. The minarets of the East may have suggested a break from the traditional Roman domes and arches, but the Gothic tower is not a copy of the minaret, for all that they both aspire in stone. The Gothic is a symbol of a way of regarding life—of a sense of distance, depth and mystery, of inquiry as well as aspiration, of the urge to invention.

The sending of a million American men in common enterprise to European soil—to the source of their own heritage—may seem to reflect very little of the ecstatic impetus of a religious Crusade. But it was the moral equivalent. The very fact that it could not possibly have a religious purpose only deepened the division between the events that had made the history of Europe and those that might make the history of America. In any case, our part in the great war was a common enterprise for hitherto divided Americans. It received the color of a moral crusade, if not of a religious one. It permitted countless thousands of young Americans to see for themselves a legendary "mother soil"—only to discover that it was surprisingly alien.

**T**HEY discovered that parent and child were not merely separate individuals—like separate sheep in a flock—but also separate persons, distinct in soul as well as in body. Instead of uniting America to Europe, our part in the war finally cut the mystical cord which had bound us to Europe for ten generations. We may not have fully discovered ourselves; but we did discover what we were not. We were not a part of Europe!

The two dominant cultures of the western world, the Greco-Roman and the Gothic, have each made as-

tonishing contributions. The Greeks and the Romans perfected measurement, and through this brought forth the beauty of the measurable and the concrete. The Greek temple, sharply outlined in the clear air of Athens; the Greek statue, faithful in minutest detail to measured anatomy; the measured capacities of man's intellect emerging in the philosophy of Aristotle—these are contributions inalienably Greek.

**T**HE Gothic tower, the perspective painting, the music of a Wagner or the verses of a Goethe—these, as Spengler reiterates in many of his finest passages, are the contributions of Europe's youth and middle age. In the hardness of later years, they have yielded to the precision of science. If we were to put the Gothic in a word, and match it against the Greco-Roman perfection of measurement, we could say that the Gothic perfected invention.

What, then, remains for the emerging culture of America, the inheritor of both the Greek and the Gothic? The full answer lies only beyond far distant American horizons. Yet we might be permitted to hazard a guess. It is at least possible, then, that the forthcoming American civilization may contribute what both the Gothic and the Greco-Roman cultures have lacked—and that is disciplined imagination. Invention without imagination to harness and use the inventions for man's benefit brought the fantastic mockery of the great war itself. In that titanic moment, the Gothic man confessed himself the slave of his own science. Man's inventions killed in a few years more men than medical science had been able to save in a century. So, too, the measurement and organization of Greece and Rome had died because imagination failed to provide for the immeasurable, for the vast scope of the barbarian dream.

The American of today has often proved himself less an inventor than a modifier of inventions. The automobile was an invention of Europe, and so was the principle of radio. We have perfected, modified and applied to such good effect that both the automobile and the radio have become almost American monopolies. But the ability to modify, perfect and apply the fruits of invention is precisely the quality of a disciplined imagination—the quality which, if exercised in decent humility, may at last lead to that superb moral concept: the subjugation of science to the happiness and spiritual well-being of civilized man. This may lie beyond American horizons.



# Hail, Christ of the Forsaken!

A Nurse Who Returned Recently From War-Torn Spain Tells a Most Remarkable Story. It Is a True and Gripping Account of Actual Happenings

By AILEEN O'BRIEN

THE telephone was ringing. "Hello," said a cheerful voice I recognized as that of young John, the American free-lance journalist. "I am proposing that we honor each other by a nice supper somewhere and a drive in one of Sevilla's heavenly horse-drawn vehicles tonight. What do you say?"

"No, thank you, John, I am going to bed."

"What?" John's voice was horrified. "Do you mean to tell me that you are going to sleep in Sevilla, the most entrancing city either of us has ever seen? Sevilla, city of flowers and music, poetry, love and . . ."

"Air raids," I supplemented. "You may have snored soundly all during last night's raid but I had to calm five hysterical women and got only two hours sleep. Tonight, the Reds permitting, and *Deo volente*, I intend to sleep ten. Besides," I added, "you may have heard that there's a war on in Spain. We might leave the flowers and the music till some other time."

John's voice was abominably righteous as he answered.

"You are perfectly right. This is no time for frivolities. Shall we postpone it till tomorrow night?"

I groaned and grinned. John, like rumors, was difficult to suppress.

"Very well," I said "I shall give you tea here tomorrow at five and then we may go for the drive."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said John. "But tell me, is anything wrong? You sound so sort of . . ."

"Nothing is wrong. But the General took me to see the town we took yesterday and . . ."



"Lucky woman!" yelled John. "How do you manage it? Is it those eyes or merely that you're not a journalist? Why does the General refuse to let me go? I'd give a most harrowing account of atrocities if he'd only let me. These damned Spaniards are crazy . . ."

"Listen John. Those atrocities were committed by Spaniards, even if they were Reds, and the General himself is a Spaniard. Spaniards, as you may have noticed, are rather different from us. . . ."

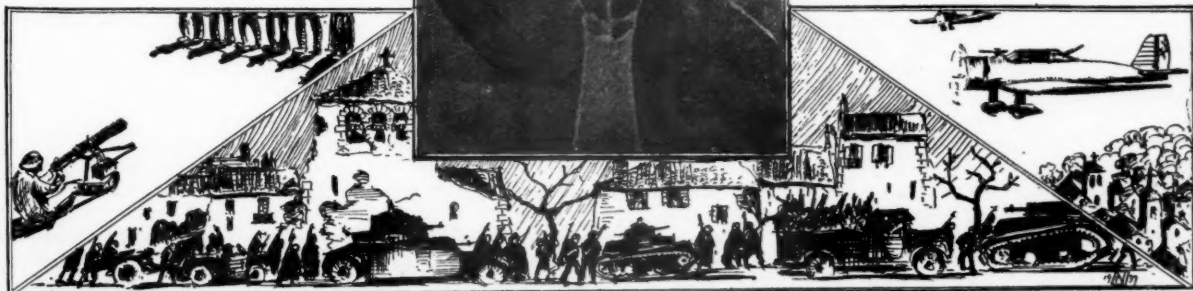
"Don't I know it! They're not different, they're just plain crazy! But listen. Have a heart and tell me some of the things you saw. You know as well as I do that we need more propaganda."

"Excuse me, John," I said as the memory of those things assailed me, "I'm afraid I'm going to be sick."

A quarter of an hour later I was lying on my bed, resolutely determined to keep my mind off what I had seen that morning. The thing to do was to get to sleep and forget, to do anything except think. Later I felt better. After spending some time reading the *Imitation*, that sovereign remedy for all ills, I asked the maid to bring me a glass of iced wine and some fruit and composed myself to enjoy a long night's rest. I was standing by the window looking out over Sevilla, flaming red in the sunset, when the telephone rang again.

"Padre Muñoz to see you, Señorita," said the hotel porter.

I groaned again. What on earth could Padre Muñoz, the prison chaplain, want at this hour? I looked up and caught sight of myself in the



looking glass and one of those unaccountable flashes of hatred of myself seemed to stab me.

"I'll be down immediately," I told the porter.

As I combed my hair I thought of that flash of hatred and wondered vaguely as to the possibility of my going crazy too. There I was being sick at the thought of the fiendish traces of Red sadism I had witnessed that morning, and reading the *Imitation* like a Pharisee. Was I any better than the Reds, relatively speaking, if I was not prepared to give a hand to poor Padre Muñoz whose one duty in life at the present time was to persuade condemned Red prisoners to make a good confession before they died? If the Spanish war brought out the character of other people, it did the same for oneself.

I stuck out my tongue. "I hope Padre Muñoz gives you the toughest job he can think of. It will serve you right," I said to my reflection and ran downstairs, still full of that awful sense of lack and cowardice which, in varying degrees, seemed to assail everyone I had met in Franco's Spain. As one young volunteer friend of mine had put it: "The Cross seems so near, creaking and jerking, and you don't dare look up and see God hanging on it. You can't face Him." That was it. You can't face Him.

It was only six o'clock and the hotel lobby was deserted. Padre Muñoz looked like a bundle of black clothes thrown down carelessly in an armchair. Something in the weariness of his attitude reminded me again of the Cross. If anyone could face Him, it was Padre Muñoz. Consequently, I found it difficult to face Padre Muñoz.

"Good evening, Padre," I said.

"Good evening, my child," he answered, rising. I was struck, as usual, by his calling me "my child." Padre Muñoz was young, a mere two or three years older than myself, but his hair was getting white and he looked old. Old and tired. He was pale and his hands shook.

"Elena," he said, "will you help me?"

"Yes, Padre, if I can."

"I think you can. It will be difficult, very hard on you perhaps. You are very young . . . but so is he, even younger than you. He is only twenty-one."

"Who is he, Padre?"

"A young Red who is going to be shot, and I want you to talk to him."

My nerves were on edge, the only excuse I can offer for an outburst of anger.

"Shooting!" I said. "Killing! kill-

ing! killing! Why do all of you talk of nothing else? Why can't it be stopped?"

"Elena!" Padre Muñoz' voice was severe. "You know it can't be helped, and God knows we all hate it as much as you do. After all, they're our own countrymen! The boy has confessed to the judges to crimes that make shooting a merciful end for him. He actually seems to glory in them, and if they had been committed at any other time you would approve of the death sentence. Why should war excuse him? We are as strict with our own soldiers, and those who commit crimes know what to expect!"

"Excuse me, Padre. I didn't mean what I said and I know that if the laws weren't so severe life would be impossible and crimes rife. I'm just very tired. The air raid last night, and going with the General this morning. . . ."

"I am the one to apologize," said Padre Muñoz, in his tired voice. "Perhaps, after all, it would be better if I left you now. You are in no state to . . ."

"Please Padre," I said. "Forgive me. I'm a coward, if you must know the truth, but I do want to help and if you won't let me I shall be miserable. It serves me right, it serves me *my* right," I added with a smile.

Padre Muñoz laughed.

"Very well, then, I shall tell you. As you know, the General is always ready to put off executions if the condemned haven't confessed and received Holy Communion which, after all, is all that matters."

I was struck, as I always have been, since childhood, by the clear Spanish realism. I nodded.

"But this boy won't confess. It looks as if he never will. And his case is even worse than most. His execution can't be put off forever and, as the General said to me today, you can't force a man to save his soul. He's free. But I can't let him be shot with all that on his conscience! He hates priests and merely curses me when I try to speak to him. But one of the jailers told me that he mentioned you this morning. He has read about your coming to Spain. Perhaps . . . if you were to speak to him . . . you are young . . . you are not connected with whatever has turned him against God here in Spain. . . ."

"Very well, Padre, I'll go whenever you wish."

"Thank you. Shall we go now? He is to be shot in two days."

At the prison I was led by a jailer to a cell with a high window up in one wall. A lantern was hanging

from the ceiling in the center of the room, lighting it in a gloomy fashion. There was a camp bed with a straw mattress and an army blanket, a chair, a table, and nothing else. Yes, there was someone standing under the window.

"Ave Maria Purisima," I said, but the answer "*Sin pecado concebida*," did not come.

"Who are you?" asked the boy by the window, without turning to look at me.

"Someone to visit you," I answered. He turned and came over to where I stood. Tilting the lantern with his hand, he said:

"Come over here where I can see you." As I did so, he laughed. "Oh! Now I see! You're the girl whose picture I saw in the paper. Well, what do you want?"

"Nothing. I came really because Padre Muñoz. . ."

The boy brought his clenched fist down on the side of the lantern which swung crazily, throwing mad shadows all over the cell. He was almost shouting at me and I could understand only one word in twenty. But they were enough to give me a clear idea of what he thought of Padre Muñoz and of all priests.

I saw that all diplomatic efforts would be lost on him, but even then I noticed that there was something more than hatred in his voice. In fact, I had the impression that hatred really had no part in his outburst at all. There was something else, but just exactly what, I could not make out.

"Listen, my friend," I began, but he interrupted me.

"What did you say?"

"I said, listen, my friend."

"Friend?" He laughed again, more wildly still, and his laughter and the mad shifting light of the lantern seemed to crash together. "Friend? You wouldn't call me that if you knew me. You would hate me, as everyone hates me. I suppose you came here to make me go to confession to the *cura*? Well, I won't."

"You're wrong," I said. "I know what you have done, and I don't hate you."

He laughed again and came over to me, clutching both my arms and bringing his face close to mine.

"You think you know, but you don't. They've only told you some of the things I've done. Things fit for the ears of a Señorita. But I'll tell you the rest and then we'll see whether you hate me or not."

The jailer was about to open the door and stop him but I waved him away. The boy thrust me down on the chair and then knelt before me,



with a hysterical sneer on his face. "We'll make believe you're the priest, shall we? I'll go to confession to you."

He joined his hands in a mockery of prayer and I was so frozen with horror that I could not even protest, but crouched there with my own hands clenched, watching—fascinated—the horrible comedy.

His voice went on and on, and every once in a while he would bow his head in mock humility, but with his lips contracting and distending as if in agony. Sweat poured down his face. Then his eyes would fasten on mine and he would fling his words at me, hemming me in against the wall. After the first few minutes his words had no meaning and, anyway, I could not understand half what he was telling me. I had never heard of such things and they were meaningless, but by the expression on his face I knew that no man could have sunk lower.

**W**HAT I did understand choked me and I tried to rise, but his hands would clutch at me and keep me where I was. I shut my eyes and when I opened them I saw his fixed on me for a second like two black lakes at midnight, so deep that I felt for a moment that they were not eyes but holes in some black vacuum. At that moment his face reminded me of some other face I knew very well but could not place. Or rather, his face was like the negative of a picture of another face. But what made my flesh creep was that two tears were rolling down his unshaven cheeks. I must have made some movement because, as if sensing that he had lost ground, he spat out one further thing—something he had done to his parish priest before he had killed him, and I rose, flinging him away from me.

I knocked on the cell door with both my fists and the jailer opened it, catching me as I stumbled out.

"What's the matter?" The jailer was saying. "Has that devil done anything to you? I'll kill him if he has. Tell me!"

"No, nothing. I'm going to be sick, take me away."

A few minutes later the jailer was giving me a glass of wine and still wanted to know what had happened. His temper was white hot and I felt afraid for the boy. I must let the jailer's temper cool or convince him that nothing had happened. The best thing would be to go back to the cell. That would convince him.

When I entered it I was shaking. "Do you mind stopping that lantern from swinging?" I said. "It gets on my nerves."

The boy whirled and stared at me.

"Why have you come back?"

"I've come back to tell you that you're right," I answered, not thinking of what I said. "I hate you. I don't think there's a man on earth who would not loathe you, except perhaps some of your friends on the other side."

The outburst I had expected did not come. He merely walked across the cell wearily, and laughed.

"They would not hate me, no. They would approve, lots of them. But they would not love me. They can't love."

The light of the lantern was shining full on his face and all of a sudden I remembered who it was he reminded me of. In my bag I had a copy of the Greco's most beautiful painting, one of Our Lord with his hand raised in benediction. The boy's face could have been the original of that painting. The slender oval of the face was the same, the soft long hair falling carelessly on both sides of it, the dark beard, very young and thin, the long sensitive nose and above all the huge black pools of eyes. Yes, he might easily have sat for the Greco's masterpiece, except, except that he was the negative of the picture.

"There is no one in the whole world who could love you," I continued with my eyes fixed on his beautiful face, "except one man."

I thought there was a flicker in his eyes, and I could almost hear his unasked question.

"This man," I said, drawing the picture from my bag. His hand reached out (and again I had the queer impression that there was no real hatred in him), as if he were a starving man snatching at a piece of bread.

**H**is eyebrows came together and he made as if to speak, but I silenced him by taking out a small square looking glass and thrusting it before his eyes.

"Look at yourself," I said, "and tell me whether you recognize the picture I've just given you."

His voice was hoarse as he answered:

"It's a picture of me. No, it's not. Yes... but how..." his voice trailed off.

"Yes," I said, "it's a picture of you, but it's also a picture of God."

With an exclamation he dropped the picture and then made as if to pick it up off the stone floor, but he turned on his heel and went to the window. I picked up the picture and propped it up on the table.

After a while he came back.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked. "Why don't you go?"

"Have you my looking glass?"

He was clasping it in his hand and brought it up to his eyes again. He stood staring at his reflection. The flicker in his eyes was a steady flame and I felt, somehow, that the battle was all but won.

"What do you see?" I asked.

"The face of a murderer," he answered.

Something I had read a long time ago in a book I had not particularly liked except for one phrase, came back to me.

**Y**ES. And do you know that when the man who looks like you was hanging on a cross, two thousand years ago, he looked into your face and saw, as clearly as you see now, that long thin nose and thin mouth, and that small scar on one cheek? There was room for only one thought in His mind then, for one hope in His heart. It was a forlorn hope, and He was wondering whether all His agony and His horrible death were worth nothing, after all, because you would not raise your face once and ask Him to forgive you through His mercy and His love. He was dying for that one word from you, and He's still dying, and time is getting short. What's wrong with you is that you want love but won't take it when it's offered to you. I tell you, He's the only one who can love you, but His is the only love that counts. Everything you've done doesn't matter. The only unforgivable crime would be to finally and irretrievably break the heart of the one Being Who loves you!"

I had forced him down onto the chair, where he huddled in silence.

"I know, I know," he said. "But after all I've told you, can't you see that it's no use? I've broken His heart already. No one forced me to do those things. I enjoyed them; I gloated over them! My God! I must have been mad! I'd rather go to hell than face Him. I can't face Him!"

"I can't face Him." The words I had used that evening, and he was hating himself as I had hated myself. All of a sudden I felt the bond that united us so tightly. I sat on the edge of the table and put out my hand, half afraid to touch him. His head was burning and it jerked as he felt my hand on it.

"What are you doing? How can you touch me?"

"Because we're in the same boat, comrade. Tonight, before I came here, I felt the same as you do—that I couldn't face Him. We've both hurt Him in our own way."

His head dropped into his hands again, and he groaned.

"Listen, my friend," I said, and he

did not protest this time, "do you know Sevilla?"

"Not very well."

"Behind the church of San Salvador there is a little shrine with a crucifix in it. Whenever you go there, during the day or the night, you will find men and women kneeling before the crucifix. It is an image of Our Lord, and its name is the *Cristo de los desamparados*—the Christ of the forsaken."

He repeated the words, as if in a dream.

"Yes," I said. "The Christ of the despairing, the homeless, the forsaken, the despised. When men find all other doors closed to them they go there, and the door is always open."

The boy rose and flung himself against the wall.

"AND I took Him in the Host and stamped on Him till He was mixed up with the filth of the street!"

I let him sob against the cold stone, hoping that it would relieve his pent-up feelings. His sobs came slower and slower, as if he were exhausted, and he dropped slowly to the floor, lying huddled against the wall. I rose and stood over him.

"Do you know that I envy you with all my heart?" I said.

His eyes searched my face, uncomprehending.

"Yes," I said. "The only person you really hate is yourself. The only one you really love is the God you tried to destroy. You would rather go to hell than face Him, so you're not thinking of yourself but of Him. You could not stand the look of suffering in His face. You Spaniards have the power to be devils or saints and I think you're a mixture of both. Throw the hatred out and don't fight against love. This may be heresy, but I envy you, because I think God loves you much more than He does me; He has suffered more for you than He has for me."

There was another silence.

"Shall I ask Padre Muñoz to come?" I asked.

"Please. And . . . if you would be so kind . . . to leave me my picture . . . I mean . . . His picture. . ."

John turned up at five o'clock sharp, and we had tea in the hotel lounge. Then we took a carriage, driving slowly through Sevilla's warm happy streets that basked in the last rays of the sun, and farther out, into the welcome coolness of the Maria Luisa Park.

Just then I saw Padre Muñoz, strolling under the trees with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent.

"Stop," I said to the driver, "John, do you mind if I speak to Padre Muñoz for a minute? We may continue our drive immediately."

"Go ahead," assented John, cheerfully.

Padre Muñoz saw me and came forward with a smile.

"Well?" I said.

"He made his confession," said the Padre.

I nodded.

"May I see him again, Padre? Or do you think I shouldn't? I . . . I . . . love him, somehow."

"He died this morning, at five o'clock."

At five o'clock! And I had been sleeping.

Padre Muñoz led me along the path, where the scent of jasmine was sweet and heavy.

"I should advise praying to him and not *for* him, my child," he said. "We both need his prayers now."

"How was it, Padre?"

"Never, in all my experience, have I heard such a confession," said Padre Muñoz. "He dragged his very soul out by the roots, and knelt before me with my crucifix in his hands, devouring the Figure with his eyes. Somehow, I felt as if he were not aware of my presence at all, as if he were speaking directly to God on the Cross."

I nodded, understanding better than Padre Muñoz. The boy felt that Padre Muñoz, even though a priest, was a man, and must necessarily hate him. The only Being who loved him was the Figure on the cross, so he would speak to Him only.

"At one moment," continued the Padre, "he was a bad man who was sorry for his sins and wanted to start out anew, but as soon as I had pronounced absolution he was someone quite different; as if the effort of springing up from so low had made him soar far higher than any of us have ever done or could ever do. He spoke calmly, but he was all pent up inside. I don't know how to explain it, but he seemed to burn. When I gave him his penance he frowned and said that it was not enough, and then he looked frightened. 'What can I ever do to make up?' he said. 'There's nothing!'"

"WHAT did you answer?" I asked. I knew what the answer should have been.

"I told him that there was one thing which would make up for everything and far more. I said that if he were to offer up his life freely—not just be resigned to die but wanting to die—no man on earth, be he the greatest saint, could do a greater deed for the love of God."

I sighed with relief. It was the right answer.

"I wonder what it was that made such a change in him, all of a sudden, Padre?" I asked. "I had nothing to do with it really, because I noticed from the very first moment I spoke to him, that he was merely fighting against repentance and love. Why couldn't you have done the same as I did?"

Padre Muñoz bent his head lower. "You see," he said slowly, "he couldn't face me as he couldn't face God. He had murdered his own parish priest who, by the way, was a friend of mine. What brought on the change was simply the solitude of imprisonment. If you had my experience, child, you'd know that that is what gets most of them. The boy himself told me that as long as he was with crowds who thought and acted as he did he felt a certain security and companionship. He could drug himself with the terrific doctrine of hate which is undoubtedly, for a time, as strong an incentive to action as the doctrine of love."

"BUT all of a sudden he found himself alone in the silence of his cell. He called himself an atheist, but those hours in which he could not talk, or shout or act, but only think, were too much for him. He began to see that he could not have hated something or someone who did not exist. He was very frank about that. He said that he had not hated religion or churches or Mass, but God. And when that thought came, he was lost. Then began his terror of having to face God after death. The more he tried to convince himself that neither God nor heaven existed, the more firmly he believed in them. The boy needn't have worried about expiating his sins. He did that on earth, a hundred times over."

We went on for a while in silence.

"But why was he shot this morning, Padre?"

"That was his doing. He asked me to plead with the authorities to let him die this morning, saying that there was no time to lose about his penance. I agreed and the authorities granted his request. I went with him to the place of execution of course. He asked me for my crucifix, saying that I could have it back when he was dead. He went up to the wall smiling, even impatient."

"Didn't he say anything else?"

"Yes. Just before the order to fire was given he put his arms out, like a Spaniard, and said: '*Viva el Cristo de los Desamparados! Viva Cristo Rey!*'"

"Hail, Christ of the forsaken! Hail Christ the King."

# Hang-overs, Moderns, Humanists

Each Has His Own Mental Hazards in His Attitude to the Church. An Understanding of Them Will Help Us Catholics to Make the Approach Easier.

BY EDWARD CONNELL

**M**ANY a time and oft we have heard this question: "Why, if Catholicism is the answer to man's spiritual starvation—why do we not witness more conversions in our nation than have been evident during the twenty years of spiritual bewilderment since the World War?" A fair question demanding a fair answer.

It must be remembered, in the first place, that millions of Americans, non-Catholics, are victims of the "sins of the fathers." They have inherited from their parents, who, in turn, inherited from their parents, and so on back to the Reformation, certain impressions of the Catholic Church which they believe to be based on truth. They believe, for instance, that everything Luther said about the Church of his time was true, and do not separate the few microscopic kernels of Lutheran truth concerning the human errors of a few weak members of the clergy of his day from the basic falsehoods concerning dogma and teachings of the Church which Luther propounded in his fanatical attempts to rationalize and defend his lust for power.

Chesterton has said that the human organization within the Church needed reforming. He has also said that it *always* needs some reforming. It would not have a claim to the distinction of being human if it did not need constant burnishing. Chesterton proves his contention that the Church of Luther's time needed reforming by pointing to the fact that any organization with a Luther in its folds must have needed reforming.

The Church will go on to the end of time fulfilling the mission given it by Jesus Christ. But the mission of the Church and the perpetuation of its sacramental life must be carried out by priests of God who retain their human traits and idiosyncrasies. The Church is supra-natural but its clergy are not the Supermen of Wells and Shaw—god-like creatures, infallible and impeccable. The Church lives and will live to the end of time in spite of its rare Luthers because it is Divine, above the spora-

dic, human weaknesses of men. Things founded on the myth of the Superman have always crumbled. Jesus Christ did not select a Superman when he called Peter. Peter was, in many respects, a weak man. He denied that he knew Christ. But he became the Rock with the infiltration of Divine Grace.

The hang-over non-Catholic must distinguish between Luther and the other weaklings who have not been strong enough to fulfill their precious obligations, and the Catholic Church which is above priest and pontiff. The United States Army has had its Benedict Arnolds, yet the human institution which they attempted to betray continues to exist. It is vitally important for the inquiring non-Catholic to distinguish between the Church as an institution of Divine origin, and its hundreds of thousands of human missionaries throughout the ages whose Luthers represent but a pin point of unfaithfulness against a background of great spiritual, intellectual, and charitable accomplishments. The inquiring non-Catholic must be careful to distinguish between the several hundred Popes who have been devout, spiritually and morally above reproach, courageous, and endowed with the highest attributes of mind and soul—between them and the few who were humanly weak and whose weaknesses have been magnified beyond logical dimensions by anti-Catholic historians.

**T**HE hang-over non-Catholic, in considering this phase of the matter, that is, the human errors of a few popes in matters *temporal*, must remember the whole truth of Free Will. God did not give a mechanical human perfection to man. He gives to the Vicar of Christ on earth the power to discern Truth in matters spiritual, in matters affecting Faith and Morals. He left to every man the thing that makes life a contest, a thrilling adventure—the right to decide whether he will use the means to attain eternal salvation or reject them in favor of the transitory things of the world. The amazing contradiction inherent in

the criticisms of those who attack the weakness of some Middle Age priest and, at the same time, describe the Church as an enslaver of man's will is that they complain of the result of Free Will when this result is something they classify as undesirable, while at the same time they deny that Free Will exists.

**T**O REFUTE the false ideas of the hang-over non-Catholic, we must face odds that are, in many respects, discouraging in this country. By and large, the teaching of history in our public high schools and non-Catholic colleges and universities, is left in the hands of those who are extremely loath to give the Catholic version of history or who deliberately falsify the facts to give them a twisted and anti-Catholic interpretation. Is it any wonder, then, that the hang-over, anxious as he may be to get at religious truths and truths in history, has two strikes on him as he goes to bat? His total knowledge of Catholic culture, Catholic philosophy, Catholic accomplishments in science and the arts, is limited to the few wisecracks about the Spanish Inquisition or the three popes who reigned at once. To him, St. Thomas Aquinas is but the name of a church in lower Manhattan and Scholasticism an atrophied and decadent mediaeval asceticism. He is led to believe that Christ was but one of a series of Messiahs and that He certainly did not establish His Church.

Of course, great tribute is paid to Christ as a leader and as an inspiring social reformer. If those who paint Christ in these colors were truthful in what they say they would describe Him as one of two types: He was either the Son of God, as He said He was, or else he was a victim of delusions of grandeur, the Father Divine of His day. The question to ask of those patronizing academicians who "respect Christ as a leader" is this: Suppose that in 1937 a man should suddenly proclaim himself to be the Son of God. Would you describe and revere him as a great man, a leader, or would you dismiss him with a shrug? How about the little tan man from Harlem? How



about the preacher in Tennessee? Are they great men? There is an incompatibility about the modern treatment of Christ, and if the blunt question is put to some of our modern authorities they will be hard-pressed for an answer.

But if there is difficulty in converting the hang-over, what of the modern who has inherited no prejudices against the Catholic Church but who, as the result of his "modern liberal education," regards the Church as the last outpost of superstition and mystical nonsense. There is some hope for the hang-over, but the modern—here is, indeed, a problem. He is not the good old-fashioned fire-eating anti-Catholic who, at least, did have a belief in God, who believed in the dualism of man, in moral responsibility, immortality, and the soul.

Not the modern. God-Man-Nature—these are all one, co-equal and co-existent. His religion is human, and not supernatural. He believes in the "essential goodness of man" (which, in reality, is often an egotistic confidence in his own perfection) and sees no need of regenerative Grace. He worships at the shrine of knowledge, and his modern gods are John Dewey and the leaders of Progressive education. He is all for the success of the Spanish "democracy," and he attends mass meetings where patronizing and wide-eyed Liberals, recently returned from a "thorough and impartial study of the Spanish situation" (two weeks sipping wine and smoking long cigarettes in Valencia) describe the "oppression of the masses by the clergy" and grandly point out that the "patriotic Loyalists of Spain are not anti-religious—oh no, they are anti-clerical."

**T**HE third important group is gradually emerging in this country and includes many of our prominent intellectual leaders. This group is beginning to see that they have been hoodwinked by generations of anaemic historians, that the principle of Authority is absolutely essential in religion, that the sickly humanitarianism and service of the decaying non-Catholic sects is not that which "satisfies the void within them." In academic circles this group is attaining size and strength. Its great leaders who came to the very door of the Church in their quest for spiritual certainty were Harvard's Irving Babbitt and Princeton's Paul Elmer More.

What have we to do with them—the hang-over, the modern, the humanist? What shall be our policy,

our attitude towards these three groups? Only this. There is no Catholic who cannot, by subjecting himself to rigid self-analysis, find that one of these groups is a "natural" for him to regard as a challenge. With the hang-over and his smoldering prejudices, argumentation and statistics will be of little value. A Chesterton could not break down the walls around the hang-over; a Matt Talbot could. The hang-over is not *intellectually* anti-Catholic. He will be influenced by example, he will be convinced by Catholic *living*.

The modern cannot be handled quite so gently. He must be shown that his knowledge of Catholic teachings is illogical, watery and false. He must be checked up on his "facts" concerning the "overpaid Spanish clergy;" he must be convinced of the fact that education existed before 1910, that his modern psychologists were old when St. Augustine attacked their teachings. He must be treated to a strong dose of traditionalism.

The humanists present a challenge to Catholic scholarship and Catholic intelligence. Here is a group which is bitterly anti-Protestant, which regards the Reformation as a spiritual and intellectual tragedy, which is now fighting the good fight for the revival of Christian principles in education, government, business and art. Here are the potential Newmans with their modern Oxford Movement as yet untouched by spiritual fire. They know the Catholic Church. They are, as yet, in the half-way house but they are high enough to look down at error and naturalism. Soon they will be fumbling at the door. The key is Faith, a supernat-

ural gift. We must pray for the speedy completion of the work of the Divine Locksmith.

With all of these—hang-over, modern, and humanist . . . we must be patient. We must remember that the Church exists for them, whether it appear to be an organization of fully armed Knights of Columbus preparing to march on Washington, an aggregation of luxury-loving oppressors of the poor, or a group of tire-some scholars arguing dully over the never-solved problem: "how many angels can stand on the point of a needle."

**W**E MUST remember that a convert burnished the truth of an Indwelling God, that a great-souled convert smashed the post-Reformation anti-Catholicism of his beloved England. We must remember that a convert gave this illuminating definition of the Catholic Church: "Our Lord had descended upon earth for a definite purpose. During the three brief years of His teaching life, He had laid the foundations of a society that was to continue His missions to the end of the world. That society, despite the faults and failings of its individual members, was a perfect society, it was custodian of the deposit of the Faith and, hence, it was infallible. It was visible, it was discoverable, in fact, it was everywhere, for, in its corporate organization, it had fulfilled the mission given it to spread throughout the world and to teach all nations. It was invested with the power and the means to fulfill that mission, for within it dwelt the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, Whose temporal mission was the continuation of Christ's work of redemption. The power of the Church lies in its divinity; its means are the sacraments."

In this day of so-called chaos, it is not enough to be a Catholic, maintaining an attitude of indifference towards those outside the Church. How much longer must Catholics retain their own hang-over of inertia? In a world that is reeling from the body-blows of race worship, naturalistic mumbo-jumbo, and organized atheism, we cannot stand off and keep our Faith to ourselves as a miser hoards his gold. We must be fired with the crusading spirit. Whether it be the hang-over, the modern, or the humanist—we must remember that we have a message to which he will listen. The fight is no longer between Catholic and Protestant. The battle lines have been drawn between Christianity and the ideology of Christlessness. "He who is not with Me is against Me."

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## Did Columbus Fail?

There Are Reasons To Believe That Columbus, in Spite of Magnificent Accomplishments, Did Not Complete His Mission

By GEORGE STUART BRADY

IT WAS the year 1471. The Kingdom of Tezcuco, in the beautiful valley under the shadow of the white-capped Mexican mountains, was at the zenith of glory, "daily advancing higher and higher in the great march of civilization." Arts and sciences increased; eloquence and poetry flourished; the Toltec picture writing was being converted to a higher stage of phonetic writing making it easier to transmit the growth of learning.

On a prominence overlooking the gleaming white city the King Nezahualcoyotl had built a temple, nine stories high, surmounted by a roof gilded with stars, and inside inlaid with gold, silver and precious stones. It was dedicated to the Unknown God, Cause of Causes. No image was permitted in the temple, and no sacrifice was allowed to the Invisible God other than the perfume of flowers and the incense of sweet-scented gums.

In that year Nezahualcoyotl, old in years and feeling his end to be near, called his young son, the boy Nezahualpilli, heir to the throne, and in the presence of the nobles besought him not to neglect the worship of the Unknown God who would one day be known and worshipped through-

out the land. "Put no confidence in idols," he admonished, "and conform to the outward respect of them only in deference to public opinion." On the nobles he urged that, since they could not abolish entirely the sacrifice of human beings, they restrict such sacrifice to slaves and captives. Some day Quetzalcoatl of the white skin, long, dark hair and flowing beard (who had visited Anahuac and taught their ancestors many things) would again return to the land and he would give them courage to abolish the idols and return to the worship of the Unseen God who abhorred human sacrifices.

For all great events the Unseen Hand of a very personal Destiny provides a leader, charts a path, and prepares those who in their turn move each separate part of the whole. Happily or unhappily it is left for man himself to find these paths, to insert himself in them, or to reject at will the promptings of that Unseen Guiding Hand which Christians know as Providence, and follow courses which he himself chooses—sometimes reaching the goal only with difficulty, or sometimes reaching it not at all.

In that same year of 1471 a Genoese sailor of remarkable learning

and pious faith appeared in Portugal, then the land foremost in daring discoveries. Scarcely past thirty years of age, he had sailed the Sea as far as Iceland in the north and Guinea to the south. He had a practical knowledge of astronomy and knew the works of Ptolemy and of the geographers. Month after month, year after year, he tried to interest the King of Portugal and rich citizens in financing an expedition to sail westward and thus reach the Indies around the earth. Tirelessly following his ideals he journeyed to Britain and France and to Spain to seek aid.

All this time in the far-off land beyond the setting sun the boy King Nezahualpilli grew in years and learning. Abandoning the Aztec love of war, he devoted himself to astronomy. More and more he abhorred the brutal human sacrifices of the priests of the war god, and longed for the coming of the white Quetzalcoatl. Throughout the land he was known for his good works, his love of public improvement, and his humanity. If only Quetzalcoatl would come, as his father told he would come at no distant date, he the King would be subject to him, and his people would abandon forever the ter-

rible gods that demanded bloody sacrifices.

Finally came a brilliant sunny day in August, 1492. At dawn three little ships rode at anchor in the port of Palos de Moguer. On the high deck of the largest of these, the *Marigalante*, renamed by its pious commander the *Santa Maria*, a man doffed his cap and bowed his head in prayer. Then in a loud voice he gave an order that ended twenty years of waiting, praying, hoping: "*En el nombre de Dios, Larguen! In the name of God, cast off!*"

On that August morning also the order "*Larguen*" put a conclusion point to an era of ten centuries.

The new nations of Europe, born of the union of the barbarous hordes with the peoples of the Roman Empire, were taking definite shape. Feudalism was broken, and the Asiatics were driven back. The reduction of Granada that year established Spain as a new nation eager to extend its sway and propagate its faith. A new Europe was avidly picking up and expanding the learning that had been buried for a thousand years.

**T**HE curtain that had hidden since the days of the fabulous Atlantis the lands across the seas had been lifted only for a momentary unbelievable glance a thousand years before by the voyage of Brendan.\* The time had come when the curtain could be lifted. And across that set the promise that the white Quetzalcoatl, probably St. Brendan himself, had so long ago made to the Mexicans could now be kept. The rejuvenated old civilization was ready to give, and the new civilization of Anahuac, guided by a noble soul, was ready to receive.

Persistently for more than twenty years the Genoese navigator had stuck to his idea of sailing westward, never changing his belief in spite of all opposition, nor caring to join the expeditions that reached the Indies by going to the east. Tales of the wealth, silks, spices, tea, brought back by other adventurers stirred the traders; but the great populations of heathen to be converted

more forcibly moved the minds of their Catholic majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. Destiny spoke in unmistakable terms, and in his journal as he turned his ships into the Sea of Darkness the Admiral wrote:

"Your Highnesses decided to send me, Christopher Columbus, to the said regions of India, and learn

of their disposition, and of everything, and the measures which could be taken for their conversion to our Holy Faith; and you ordered that I should not go to the east by land, by which it is customary to go, but by way of the west, whence until today, it is true, we do not know certainly

that any one has gone."

Providence wills, and the path of Destiny is prepared, but it is hidden to those whose vision becomes obscured by other interests. Or again the Guiding Hand may be withdrawn from those who begin to think too much of their own profit and thus make themselves unworthy to be the instrument of fulfillment.

To the consternation of the good Queen Isabella and of the holy Prior Juan Perez who had recommended him to the monarchs, Columbus, influenced apparently by the stories of the riches of the Indies and by his more worldly captains, the Pinzons, insisted that he himself should be Vice-King of all the islands and mainlands which he should discover. Only reluctantly was this "*capitulation*" made to him.

Terrible weather, common to those seas, might have turned the fleet homeward before it had crossed the ocean. But the Guiding Hand seemed willing to bring its leader to the very door, as Moses was allowed to come to the shore of the dividing river. Gentle seas, glorious weather, and favorable breezes brought the ships with ease to the portals of the new lands. Repeatedly Columbus refused to accept the advice of the Pinzons to alter his course to the south; repeatedly he showed the crew a lesser mileage than actually traveled westward because of their fear of sailing too far from home.

Only the Unseen Hand working in natural ways brought the Admiral to make a slight change. A true westward course would have landed the ships on the inhospitable shores of

the northern continent, though no one knew of this. But on the evening of October 7th, after the crew had sung the *Salve Regina* as was their custom, Columbus, noting that the sea birds were continually taking a west-south-west flight, altered his course to that direction, unknowingly putting his ships on the direct path to the land of the riches, the spices, and the civilization of the Tzins of Anahuac.

But seventy days after that August morning of 1492, as the *Santa Maria* lay alongside the shores of the tiny, unimportant island of Guanahamo, the Genoese Admiral seemed to have been deserted by the unseen impelling force that had kept him unwavering for so many years. Landing on the new-found island, Columbus took possession in the name of his sovereigns, and proudly standing on the shore made each man swear allegiance to him personally as Vice-King and Lord of these lands.

**O**F ALL the affronts that man makes to the Great Cause of Causes, that which offends most easily seems to be vanity. As Albertus at the moment of great triumph was deserted by his marvelous power of oratory for a simple vain thought, so Columbus from that moment seemed to have lost the power that guided him on. Now the ideal of "westward, westward" was lost. For the first time he listened to his captains, who were now anxious to return and announce the discovery of land beyond the western ocean.

Destiny never before or since had ever placed its human instrument more directly on the true course. Guanahamo, San Salvador, lay exactly in line with the strait between the mainland and Cuba. A true westward course from there, not longer than the distance traversed in later cruising among the islands, would have placed the ships on the shores where lived the most civilized nations of the new world. It would have led them to stores of gold, silver and jewels greater than had ever been known before, with condiments more suited to the Spanish taste than the coveted spices of Asia, and the *Chilhi* pepper and *chocolatl* that were to become later pre-eminently Spanish.

But in spite of the fact that the natives told him that more than a hundred islands no more civilized than Guanahamo lay around them, and himself seeing the ocean opening westward before him, Columbus turned his ships east-southeast to the island of Concepcion. He spent months in almost aimless cruising among these savage islands, showing the natives pieces of gold and in-



\* St. Brendan returned to Europe in the year 560, having been absent seven years across the Western Ocean. He told of people who lived in cities in a rich land, and other colder lands to the north where the people were savages.

quiring where it could be obtained.

Taking with him nine Indians whom he had put aboard at Guanahamo, gay-colored birds and other testimonies of the new lands, he left at Hispaniola a colony over which he asserted governorship, and retraced a course eastward to Europe. Even on a later voyage, when the Indians who had contacted the long-voyaging Caribs told him of a land to the west where the people wore white cotton clothes and lived in cities, and he had arranged again to sail westward, he sickened almost to the point of death and was returned to Spain.

Outward manifestations we see and know; the thoughts of men we do not know. It is not for us to judge how much of the blame should be borne by Columbus or how much was due to the unworthiness of the people of Anahuac, who more and more forgot the ideals of Nezahualcoyotl and turned to their false gods. Whatever the complete cause, the Guiding Hand seems surely to have been withdrawn from the Genoese Admiral.

Who can tell how different would have been the lot of the natives of America if Columbus had followed

unwaveringly his course as Admiral to discover and deliver to the rulers of the western lands the message of the King and Queen of Castile? Instead he sought to establish a governorship which fitted his character not at all. The ships of 1492 were filled with the simple sailors of Ferdinand and Isabella instead of the hard adventurers of the callous foreign Emperor Charles who reached the shores of Mexico in 1519.

**T**HE ships of 1492 would have been greeted by agents of the kindly Nezahualpilli, believer in the Unknown God, instead of the wily ambassadors of the cold, superstitious Montezuma—bloody sacrificial priest of the terrible God Huitzilopochtli—who by trickery had by 1519 made himself emperor of the Anahuac confederation.

In place of the nine naked ignorant savages of Guanahamo might not Columbus have brought back dignified, learned, richly dressed Tzin lords of the Tezcucan court? Before the end of the long voyage to Spain they might readily have acquired the Spanish language, and with their gifts of gold and jewels and desire for the aid of the white

Quetzalcoatl so impressed Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile that an imposing fleet with cavaliers and learned missionaries might have been sent across. Hundreds of thousands of lives might have been saved. Valuable forms of an old civilization might not have been lost.

Very personal seem to be the acts of the Unseen Hand of Providence that we call loosely by the name of Destiny—never inexorable like the impersonal Nature—charting a straight and best road to reach its goals. It leaves the choice to the free will of man and, when man himself by his acts destroys the set path, uncomplainingly constructs a new one, providing new scenes and new actors.

How much faster human progress would move, how much less of tribulations would need be endured, if men could rightly divine the true path and subvert their own inclinations to follow it? Only the final balances of the imponderable Judgment will ever tell. And how many men of Destiny, like Moses, have been denied the final course along the path because they have by wilful error displeased the great Unseen Mover of life? Such seems to have been the lot of Columbus.

## To My Rosary

By LEONARD TWYNHAM

Dear coronal of grief and hope,  
This chaplet rests on Mary's brow,  
Full circle binding in its scope  
Earth's every sorrow, every vow.

This is the necklace of rare dreams  
With which a queen's white hand oft plays  
Till dark-veined sadness strangely seems  
A jewel lit with glittering rays.

Our joys and heartaches trace the years  
With Mary and Her Blessed Son;  
We count our ecstasies and tears  
Until the glorious crown is won.

Round after round the spirit turns;  
Decade upon decade is passed;  
Though eyes are dim as memory burns,  
The mysteries dissolve at last.

This band with pendant crucifix  
Saint Dominic once lifted high  
Before rebellious heretics  
Who spoke the Albigensian lie.

Priceless it is, each bead a gem  
Strung on a golden-threaded chain,  
Fit for a regent's diadem,  
Emblem of glory and of pain.

We journey a recurrent course;  
We end where lately we began,  
Where Christ, impaled upon the cross,  
Is touched—The Everlasting Man.



# The Victory of The Cross

Christ Chose the Way of the Cross For Himself and It is By  
That Way Alone That the Christian Can Attain Final Victory

By GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

**T**HE world today is like a vast symphony playing to a dozen mad conductors at once. Those whose ears are attuned to the inner rhythm of history hear strange and startling sounds. There are new and mighty motifs seeking to develop their various themes. But the clash of tones and rhythms gives rise to strain, discord, agonizing tension, that soon must be resolved.

It is all an effect of rival philosophies at war. It is a titanic battle of spirits, with evil in the ascendancy. Amidst the universal confusion, there emerge clearly new philosophies, new theories of life, new gods, which seek to control and direct the vast energies of human society and to mould a new civilization. As Christopher Dawson remarks: "The new State is in search of a new Faith." And again: "If there is a great European war, it will not be a capitalist war for markets, but a war of creeds for the possession of men's minds."

No longer does the banner of the Cross float triumphantly over Christendom. But the Hammer and Sickle, the Swastika, the Fasces, are flaunted before humanity as the new signs of salvation. Nor are they confined to any single territory. Like flames shooting out of a burning building, the new forces appear everywhere. Not merely in the country of their birth, nor in such countries as Mexico and Spain, but their unholy spirit is abroad throughout the world.

These new banners and new standards are all rivals of the traditional standard of Christendom, the Cross. Amidst the present widespread confusion, then, it is necessary for the followers of Christ to know where they stand and clearly realize the nature of the symbol under which they fight. Like true soldiers, we shall hope for victory. But knowing the wisdom of the Cross, we shall not be deceived by the glamour of an immediate triumph that is won at the cost of sacrificing our spiritual life here on earth and our everlasting life hereafter. Rather, we shall fight for a lasting victory: a victory that insures personal freedom, the life of the spirit.

True indeed, the standard under which we fight—the Cross—has no saving power of itself. Not "the blood of bullocks," nor the hard and clumsy wood of the Cross, but the Precious Blood of Him Who hangs thereon is our salvation. The Power, the Love and the Life of God insures our victory. Sharing in His Divine life and glory is our goal, but the fact remains that the way by which we travel to our goal is *the way of the Cross*! It is the way Christ chose for Himself and it is the way He chooses for us. "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me."

It is a hard way but it is the only way to lasting victory. The wisdom of the flesh, the wisdom of earthly standards, gives a temporary triumph here on earth—but like all things earthly and human their end is corruption and ruin. The wisdom of the Cross, precisely because of the power and goodness of Him Who hangs thereon, often denies us this temporary enjoyment and triumph, but it alone insures true victory of the spirit.

History is an impressive witness. The wisdom of this world triumphed in the tragic death of Christ. But it was a short-lived victory that ended in defeat. On the contrary, Christ's temporary defeat ended in a glorious and perpetual triumph.

**O**UR Blessed Lord during His life had preached the wisdom of the Cross. As His earthly life drew to a close, He prepared to give us an eloquent example. After the tender farewell at the Last Supper, He goes forth to tread the way of the Cross. He goes to prepare for the ordeal by praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. There a vision of His impending torture burns into the depths of His soul. He shudders, trembles, agonizes. Nature seeks relief by breaking forth in a bloody sweat. In the meantime, Our Blessed Lord is in prayerful communion with His Heavenly Father. In this union, He finds strength to drink His chalice to the dregs. He arises, calm and composed, resolutely determined to complete His work.

Shortly, outside the Garden, He is met by Judas and his fanatical band. Judas, His Own apostle, betrays Him with a kiss! He is bound as a criminal and taken before His judges. They were judges before the law, but in the eyes of God murderers who had already plotted the ruin of an innocent victim. He is deserted by His apostles. Alone in the world He came to save, He faces the unfair trials, mockeries and derision. He is scourged brutally with whips and crowned with sharp, biting thorns. Soon He takes up the heavy burden of His cross. There follows the long, torturous journey, traced in blood and sweat and pain. The short halt on Calvary—and He, the author of Life, is nailed alive to the Cross!

**F**OR three long hours He hangs there in torture, laughed at, spit upon, cursed by the "wise" of this world—an outcast of the world He came to save. And all the while He prays patiently for them until finally, having fulfilled all the prophecies concerning Him, He reviews the tremendous work assigned Him by His Heavenly Father, sees that it is completed and with a sigh of weary satisfaction He murmurs: "*It is finished.*" Then, commending His soul into the hands of His Heavenly Father, He bows His Head and dies.

Such was the first way of the Cross! Such was the "defeat" of Christ. Such was the "victory" of the world. Once again a smart and clever world had silenced One who dared to tell it the truth—One Who refused absolutely to compromise with it. The irresistible force of divine Truth had met the immovable force of human custom, of human hypocrisy, human lust and power and greed. The result was bound to be a clash, a contradiction—a cross!

It was a contradiction because both forces won! The world had its victory, but Christ also had His victory. The victory of the world was a victory of human wisdom, the wisdom of the flesh. Like all things human, it could not last. But the victory of Christ was a victory of Divine Wisdom. Like all things divine, it lasts forever.

The human victory was twofold. There was the victory of the Jewish nation and the victory of the Roman Empire. "The chief priests, therefore, and the Pharisees gathered a council and said: what do we, for this man doth many miracles? If we let Him alone, all will believe in Him; and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation. But one of them named Calphas, being a high-priest that year said to them: You know nothing. Neither do you consider that it is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not . . . From that day therefore, they devised to put Him to death." (John: II) And so to achieve their human victory, the short-sighted leaders of the Jewish nation crucified Christ. But it was a short-lived victory. The very thing they feared came to pass when the mighty military power of Roman legions was hurled against the centre of Jewish power. Their capital city, Jerusalem, was burned to the ground. The Jewish race was scattered to the four winds of the earth. So came to a fitting end the short-lived human victory of the Jews.

**A**ND the victory of the Roman Empire? Pilate sacrificed Christ to political expediency. Not from Christ, not from Absolute Truth and Justice did Rome hope for her commonweal. With the mere wisdom of the flesh she looked to other quarters. In the great world of affairs few indeed of the Empire thought of the despised race of the Jews. Judea was but a small frontier province under the power of mighty Rome. To the political and social leaders of the day the crucifixion of Christ was just one more of those executions which careless people were apt to run into from time to time. The historians of the period considered it so commonplace they didn't even bother to record it.

The students and scholars at the universities of Athens and Alexandria and Rome calmly continued their studies of Plato and Aristotle. From these and other masters of letters and philosophies they sought to learn how they should become the leaders of the world of tomorrow. Therein they sought to insure the victory of Roman civilization.

In Rome itself—the capital city and center of intellectual and political life—the Campus Martius resounded daily with the clash of arms as lusty youth severely disciplined their bodies with military training in order that, as the soldiers and statesmen of tomorrow, they might extend the name and fame of Rome to the ends of the earth. And it was

to these socialites, these students and scholars, these soldiers and statesmen, that the world of the time looked to insure the victorious issue of its difficulties. Little did they think that a despised prophet of Galilee was at the same time setting in motion "a series of ideas, principles and acts which were destined to unseat Aristotle and Plato in the academies of Athens; that they were destined to add a new undreamed of luster to the glory of the Roman name; destined in fine, to change the whole aspect of the world."

How near-sighted is human wisdom! Consider the important news of the day. At that time there was in Rome a certain official, Sejanus, who virtually ruled the city in Caesar's absence. Sejanus plotted to murder the Emperor. His plot was discovered and he was executed about the same time as Christ. This was the execution, not Christ's, that made a stir in Roman society. It "made the headlines."

At that time Rome was faced with an economic crisis, a depression. As usual, Roman society was looking to its financiers and bankers for salvation. The attempts of the Government at that time to establish a system of free credit to producers seemed far more promising for their welfare than the doings of an obscure Jewish prophet.

But consider the facts of history. History emphatically shows who did the most for the Jews, for the Ro-

mans, for all civilization. History is a glorious witness to the fact that the whole affair turned out to be a grand victory for Christ. All that Roman world in which Christ lived and died, with all its power and wealth and corruption, "sank into blood and ruin." It was eaten away by its own moral rottenness. So ends every victory of the flesh. So falls every society that is built upon the short-sighted wisdom of this world.

And now, consider the Kingdom of Christ, founded upon the divine wisdom of the Cross. The grain of mustard seed that Christ foretold would grow into a mighty tree, was planted at the foot of the Cross. It was bedewed with His Precious Blood. Scarcely had our Saviour bowed His Head and died than it began to sprout and grow. We read that the centurion and others who kept guard over Christ exclaimed and confessed: "Indeed, this was the Son of God!"

After receiving the Holy Spirit, the hitherto timid and frightened apostles go forth "rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." They go forth into a world that hated them as it hated their Master before. And on the first day of their preaching, we read that there were won for the Kingdom of Christ three thousand souls. Soon in Jerusalem, stronghold of the Jewish nation, there is a Christian bishop—Saint James. At the end of the century Christian communities dot the Ro-

## A Word to Judas

By ELIZABETH BOHM

You were a business man; what you could feel  
Against your palm you trusted as a gain.  
The thing you schemed was just a business deal  
Turned in a mind both practical and sane,  
As the world goes. And doubtless you were right—  
According to what all keen traders know.  
Stomachs need other things than truth and light,  
One must have money, one must live somehow.

Not till the silver glittered in your hand  
Did outlines crumble; only then a void  
Enclosed you which your foresight had not planned,  
Where nothing could be captured or enjoyed.  
You floundered wildly for a place to stand,  
But every solid foothold was destroyed.

man Empire, daily echoing their praise to Christ their Redeemer.

Despite the opposition, the ridicule of the learned, the persecution of the mighty, the Kingdom of Christ and the victory of Christ continue to swell to greater power and glory. In absolute devotion to Him, men and women gladly sacrifice earthly fame and glory, the joys of family life, the honors of citizenship. Peoples of all classes—even young boys and girls—give over their bodies to be dug with hooks, scraped with irons, pulled apart on the rack, scourged, burned in oil, drowned in the sea, fed to wild beasts and even crucified! A Lucy and an Agnes, a Dorothy or a Christina choose virginity and martyrdom rather than marriage and pagan splendor.

On and on swells the victory of Christ. Human conquerors, human victories rise up, hold the spotlight in a corner of the globe for a brief moment, to disappear shortly into oblivion. But Christ's victory is everlasting. A victory of love, power, might and glory—a victory of the invisible Kingdom of the spirit that spreads throughout the entire world.

**I**T is enough to make the wisdom of the flesh, the human conqueror, pause in amazement! It made Napoleon pause. In his days of desolation at Saint Helena, he brooded on the vanity of merely human achievement. He passed in review the heroic figures, the leaders and the rulers of this world. He compared them with his own greatness. But all combined "vanished like empty shadows" before the victorious achievement of Christ.

"What a Conqueror!" he cried in amazement; "a Conqueror who controls humanity at will, and wins to himself not only one nation, but the whole human race. What a marvel! He attaches to himself the human soul with all its energies. And how? By a miracle which surpasses all others. He claims the love of men—that is to say, the most difficult thing in the world to obtain; that which the wisest of men cannot force from his truest friend, that which no father can compel from his children, no wife from her husband, no brother from his brother—his heart. He claims it; He requires it absolutely and undividedly, and He obtains it instantly.

"Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, Louis XIV strove in vain to secure this. They conquered the world yet they had not a single friend, or at all events they have none any more. Christ speaks, however, and from that moment all generations belong to Him; and they are joined to Him

much more closely than by any ties of blood and by a much more intimate, sacred and powerful communion. He kindles the flame of a love which causes one's self-love to die, and triumphs over every other love. Why should we not recognize in this miracle of love the eternal Word which created the world?

"I have filled multitudes with such passionate devotion that they went to death for me. But God forbid that I should compare the enthusiasm of my soldiers with Christian love. They are as unlike as their causes. In my case, my presence was always necessary, the electric effect of my glance, my voice, my words, to kindle fire in their hearts. And I certainly possess personally the secret of that magic power of taking by storm the sentiments of men; but I was not able to communicate that power to anyone. None of my generals ever learned it from me or found it out.

"Moreover, I myself do not possess the secret of perpetuating my name and a love for me in their hearts forever, and to work miracles in them without material means. Now that I languish here at St. Helena, chained upon this rock, who fights, who conquers empires for me? Who still even thinks of me? Who interests himself for me in Europe? Who has remained true to me? That is the fate of all great men. It was the fate of Alexander and Caesar, as it is my own. We are forgotten, and the names of the mightiest conquerors and most illustrious emperors are soon only the subject of a schoolboy's task. What an abyss exists between my profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, Who is preached, loved, and worshipped and lives on throughout the entire world."

Such is the grand victory of Christ. Yet it is as nothing compared to the glory of Christ in heaven, in which we are to share—a joy and glory concerning which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

**C**HRIST has His victory and glory, but He won it through the Cross. Christ "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried." It was only after that "He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven." In the confusion all about us today, we must not be carried away by any new sign of salvation. Our salvation is in the Cross of Christ. An eternal dialogue goes on about us between the wisdom of this world and the wisdom of Christ.

Wherever they come into conflict, there is another contradiction, another crucifixion. And the scene of that crucifixion is set up daily in the soul of the faithful follower of Christ.

The faithful Christian mother or wife; the faithful Christian father or husband; the faithful Christian lawyer or doctor; the faithful Christian business man, public official or laborer; all find this contradiction from time to time in their own souls, and the result is a crucifixion. But it is the wisdom of the Cross that alone solves the difficulty. Better temporary pain and defeat and lasting victory, than temporary joy and lasting defeat. The Christian does not avoid necessary issues. He meets them fairly and squarely and overcomes them by the power of the Cross. It is the transforming love of the Crucified Christ that makes all things possible to us.

**T**HE Cross comes to this particular person. It is unwelcome. He winces, grows irritated, becomes impatient and rebellious, and being unwilling to accept the Cross as the condition of divine life, he blasphemes God and dies in cold despair! It comes to another. As this person feels its gentle pressure he too winces. But instead of seeking to bear it alone, he remembers his Divine Master hanging on His Cross. He patiently grows reconciled. Under the blows of adversity he is hammered and fashioned into a Christ-like person, able to rise above and dominate the adverse circumstances of life; a person tried and tested and found worthy to share eternal life.

Today on all sides the powers of the world, the flesh and the devil are rising up cloaked under various forms. But they all hold in common a deadly hatred of the Cross and a drunken love for immediate victory. From any quarter at any time the challenge of these new forces of modern life may come to us. We shall then be faced with the same issue that confronted Caiaphas and Pilate. We may win a human victory by totally rejecting Christ or by compromising for the sake of personal expediency. Or else we may accept Christ by losing pleasure, prestige or even life itself.

Let us learn a lesson from history. Such temporary victories will mean ultimate defeat. And the "defeat" that is shared with Christ Crucified, will be spiritual liberty here on earth and eternal glory in the life to come. "For whom God foreknew He predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son . . . that so, if we suffer with Him, we may also glory with Him."



# The Spirit of New Spain

By CATHERINE de HUECK

IN THE early hours of a July morning, I left Portugal for Nationalist Spain. Our car swiftly brought us to the valley and the little shack-office of the *Lufthansa*, the German airline which runs this service. After a long wait, a thorough examination of our passports and the confiscation of our cameras, we gracefully soared into the morning air. The passengers were a most utilitarian group of people: a young German diplomat, a former Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs going to Geneva and the Palestine Commission, a wounded Spanish aviator, and three tired French business men.

All, with the exception of myself and the Spanish aviator, were bound for different parts of Europe. All were astonished that a woman journalist had travelled all the way from America to Spain, a rather dangerous place just now. But the Spanish aviator smilingly assured us that perfect order and discipline reigned in Franco's territory. Was not the fact that we were safely traveling in this very airplane through a territory in a state of war ample proof of his words? Mentally I reserved my judgment, yet I felt a little better.

Soon we were travelling over a sea of delicately tinted clouds, whose waves seemed frozen in their unearthly beauty. For more than an hour we flew over endless olive fields that looked like pale silver checkers

on a many-hued checker-board. The monotony of the earth below was broken by the sudden appearance of little white-washed villages or small towns with high towered churches. Suddenly the roar of the engines stopped and the machine, dipping down and slowly circling, came to rest with a slight bump on a lonely field. This was the commercial landing field of Salamanca—the headquarters of Franco's armies.

Eagerly I descended, anxious to get a glimpse of the country on which today the eyes of the world are focussed with mingled hope and anxiety. I expected to be subjected to a long and thorough examination, to checking and re-checking of credentials, baggage and passports. Nothing of the kind happened. A middle-aged officer glanced smilingly at my passport and press card and, extending a strong sunburned hand, said, "An American Catholic journalist—how nice. Welcome to New Spain!" With a light gesture he waved to the waiting custom officials who, after a perfunctory look at my two pieces of luggage, quickly marked them: "Pass." This seemed strange to me for after all they were at war. Perhaps they have little to fear or nothing to hide.

We were driven in a comfortable Buick to Salamanca proper, a distance of over thirty miles. All around us was the peaceful picture of rural

life—and this only ninety miles from the front lines. In open, wide fields picturesque peasants worked hard at threshing mounds of golden grain. Children, brown and dark-eyed, stopped their singing and playing to gaze with admiration at our big car.

The manager of the *Lufthansa* smilingly remarked that this was the picture of all Franco's territory. I found it true, for wherever I went I could see work progressing peacefully and quietly. True, there was a shortage of men for field labor, for many had been called to arms. But all along help had been given to the women and younger men for the collection of various harvests that, incidentally, are very plentiful this year.

AN OLD well under the shadow of trees flashed by. Two Dominican Friars were resting nearby, their dark aquiline faces partly screened by their white cowls, their staffs lying at their feet. They were like a glimpse of very old Spain. Thus, perhaps, St. Dominic rested in centuries gone by, in the shadow of this very well, on his restless way to fight battles for souls. In the distance fat cattle were grazing lazily.

A sharp turn, and suddenly the great mass of the Cathedral of Salamanca loomed right before us. An old Roman bridge, defying twenty centuries, leads into the heart of the town over a large river. The first



Harvesting a bumper crop of grain in a section of the peaceful territory now under control of the victorious Nationalist forces of Franco

Malaga: Nationalist troops leaving for duty after a visit to one of that city's churches. The interior of many of these sacred edifices had been entirely destroyed



intimation of war was the presence of sentries at each end. Smartly saluting, they stopped our car and asked for passes. Satisfied, they allowed us to proceed on our way through the narrow streets of the old university town, where Cervantes studied and St. Thomas taught.

I BEGAN to realize that I was in a military center. Everywhere, hurrying to and fro, were men in uniforms and women in nurses' garbs. Here and there was a civilian, mostly a journalist or a foreigner of some sort, or again a slight youth or an old man. Most of the rest are on the *Frente*, as the Spaniards call the front lines. Much unrelieved black is to be seen especially on young women. For a moment the vivid realization of the price paid by this courageous nation for its Faith and liberty is mine.

All hotels and private dwellings had been requisitioned for the army staff, but fortunately I had an introduction to the Mother Superior of a large convent which formerly looked after working girls but now houses the wives and daughters of the men attached to Nationalist Headquarters. A young nun opened the convent door and went off to call the Mother. She proved to be a youthful woman, but her face was marked with suffering and tragedy. As she spoke she led me through long corridors and up wide polished stairs to a little room, the best feature of which was its proximity to the chapel. In it stood a small narrow bed, a table and chair and a washstand. That was all—but it was cool and clean.

In my eagerness for information I asked her if her Order had suffered much. Instantly I regretted my

impulsiveness for two big tears filled her eyes and slowly coursed down her tired face. "Child," she answered, "you will never understand. Over there in your rich great country the Catholics cannot visualize what is happening here. Their minds are befogged with Red propaganda which has so much money, where we on this side are so poor. Our Order? There is little left of it. Our convents have been burned, except on this side where we are safe. Our nuns? But a few have escaped and are resting here. The rest, we had hoped, were all dead. But we have heard that many are alive who have been tortured and insulted. Some have now died from these tortures. Our Order will cherish their names in its heart, for they are our holy martyrs for their Faith. We suffer and pray."

The tears fell unheeded on the wide white collar. The tragic face for a moment was full of suffering which no words could depict. Resolutely, with a pitiful little smile, she rose and left me to see further to my comfort. I remained where I stood, shivering a little from my first contact with suffering Spain.

In the dim coolness of the chapel the monstrance shone in the brilliant light of many candles. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed. For New Spain (that is the usual title given to Franco's Spain) prays night and day for its liberation from the hands of atheists, for its dead and its wounded, and for those who are fighting not only their own battles but those of the whole Christian world. Most of the benches were occupied by silent dark figures, clad in the unrelieved black of the mourner, bowed down in deep prayer. What tragedies were hidden in these hearts? The silent chapel gave no

answer. But the Suffering Christ stretched on a wooden Cross high above the altar knew . . . and understood.

The dinner bell rang. I went along a corridor with patches of sunlight filtering through the large screened windows to a very pleasant room. At my table sat two young women. The older spoke perfect English. As I was remarking on it, she smiled and answered that she was an American. Seeing my astonishment mirrored on my face, she added that she had married a Spaniard two years ago. A naval officer on the *Churruca*, he was killed about a year ago in Malaga by his own crew. She could not understand this, for he had loved them so much and done so much for them. Recently she had been again to his grave. The other girl was her sister-in-law. Her husband too was killed a few months ago. No tears here, not a tremor in her voice. Only the eyes . . . dark Spanish eyes, feverish with something in their depth. One could not look into them for fear of glimpsing a naked tortured soul. Closer and closer I was coming to the tragedy that is Spain's today. For it is in such quick, unexpected glimpses that one suddenly sees the soul of a nation revealed.

ALL around me the buzz of voices. Suddenly a lady who had been reading a letter exclaimed loudly with a joyous face. Everyone crowded around her. She had just received news that her parents had escaped from Barcelona and were on their way to Salamanca. Everyone joined in her joy. Here and there a few furtively wiped away tears, for they too had relatives "over there." Only they had not yet escaped.

Women and children alone were to be seen in the room; old dowagers, young women and girls, rich and poor children. All were one in work and sorrow. The food was overabundant. Spaniards eat much and at hours strange to us. Trained in American efficiency and spurred by my eagerness to see and learn as much as possible, I ventured forth into the torrid heat of the early afternoon. Evidently not all were taking a rest. But for the number of soldiers and military uniforms, and the cars decorated with various legends such as, "The staff of the Generalissimo," "Red Cross Services"—I would not have known there was a war on. Well-filled shops were open everywhere. Business went on as usual. Taxies scurried back and forth. Radios and phonographs blared American jazz (is there any place in the world it has not penetrated?) and a picture show advertised "The Mystery of a Lonely Island." (Shades of Hollywood!)

**M**Y WANDERINGS took me to the station, and in a moment all had vanished—jazz and Hollywood! Here was the real grim reality, a train load of wounded and sick. Wan, tired faces, suffering written all over them; clumsy bandages—evidently hastily applied—primitive slings, and everywhere pain. A man at my side said, "This is another load from the battles at Brunette. Too bad we have so little hospital equipment. They deserve the best. There is such a great need for medicines and all kind of hospital equipment. But we cannot afford to spend our precious money

on propaganda abroad as the Reds do." Soon I was to verify the remarks of the chance passer-by. With my own eyes I saw their great need of all things pertaining to the care of the wounded and sick. As I stood there I realized that this was war, real and desperate.

At random I turned down a narrow street that led to a square, bathed in a merciless, glaring sun. I noticed a large hall from which issued forth the joyous noise of many children's voices. I opened the door and walked into a very large room filled with little tables and chairs. Children were everywhere. At my entry all conversation stopped. They politely got up and gave me the national Spanish salute—hand extended, palm upwards. Smilingly I bowed in response. Noisily they resumed their lunch. A girl of seventeen walked up and asked my needs. I explained that I was a sort of Catholic-at-large from America, and had just wandered in. Would she please tell me who the children were and why they were there in such great numbers?

She did so at once with that charming courtesy that seems second nature to all Spaniards. This, she explained, is the house of the "Phalanges." Their organization stands fully behind Franco's program of a Corporative State, and works for it. Just now, when there are so many immediate needs, the younger members of the organization are busy at all kinds of charitable endeavors. The children who were being fed and looked after by them are the orphans of the war refugees picked up by the Nationalists on the battle lines.

Mostly they are poor children. Daily many dinners and suppers are prepared and served by the Phalanges themselves, many of whom are members of old aristocratic families.

The kitchen, though primitive as all Spanish kitchens, was spotlessly clean. There a bevy of young, blue clad girls was engaged in dishing out one of the many courses to be served. Others circulated around the little tables pouring water from long-necked terra cotta bottles. The children were clean and well cared for. After lunch they recited a short prayer, sang a little hymn to our Blessed Lady and the song of National Spain. The young voices were clear and musical and the little faces earnest. The Phalanges also help the harvesters, work in hospitals, and sew for the wounded. As a matter of fact, they are busy all day long. Above all they are preparing themselves to help Franco build a new free, Catholic, corporate Spain. Much impressed, I took leave and went out into the glaring sunshine. There was the real hope of New Spain—her youth.

**A**T FOUR o'clock I presented myself to Red Cross Headquarters and asked permission to visit the hospital. This was instantly granted. There seemed to be a great eagerness to show me everything. The Head of the Red Cross expressed a wish that more American and European journalists, as well as private individuals, would come and visit them. There was nothing to hide. He would like all to understand that they were fighting for the greatest ideal pos-



Salamanca: White-caped and white-turbaned Moors relieve Spanish Soldiers at a change of guards before General Franco's Military headquarters

ACME PHOTO



sible—a new, regenerated, Catholic Spain. After a few telephone calls it was arranged that on the morrow I should start my tour of the hospitals.

Free again for the afternoon, I continued my wanderings. The sound of loud military music attracted me. I reached an old square in the shadow of the Cathedral, where General Franco's Headquarters is situated. A "changing of Guards" was taking place. The Spanish guards were leaving and the Moors were relieving them. Fascinated, I watched these splendid stalwart men seriously and solemnly performing the impressive ceremony. In their snow-white capes—their dark handsome faces as impassible as if carved—they took the salute with a natural dignity. Having heard so much about the pros and cons of their participation in the conflict and noticing a few of them nearby, I asked them how they liked being here.

Quick as a flash came the answer, "Franco is our General. We also want a New Spain. We do not want the Holy Musulman faith attacked and abolished as it has been in Russia under the Communists." This answer was an unexpected one for me, but it was certainly logical. For God is God to all of us, and most of us are ready to die for our Faith. So are they.

My steps led to the old cathedral that looms so majestically. Enormous in proportions, beautiful in its statues and pictures, it defies description. It makes one realize that all Spain is a museum. On her plains, in her villages and towns, time and history have put their mighty imprint. Alas, how much lies in ruins to-day! The cathedral was cool. Far away in the distance, from some unseen choir, the voices of monks could be heard chanting Compline. In a quiet corner I sat down and tried to gather my thoughts together.

**H**ERE WAS a country that, like many others, had committed grave faults. Some of her sons and daughters had forgotten that they were the stewards of their wealth. Here too, the voice of His Holiness, speaking in accents of anguish and calling all His children to the practice of the social teachings of the Church, had been often smothered by those whose duty it was to make it loudly heard. Yet in the New Spain of Franco's planning—in face of the tragic situation that was partly their making, yet partly resulting from forces out of their control—the true sons and daughters of Catholic Spain rose at once to the defense of their Faith and country. With a heart-breaking, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa,*"

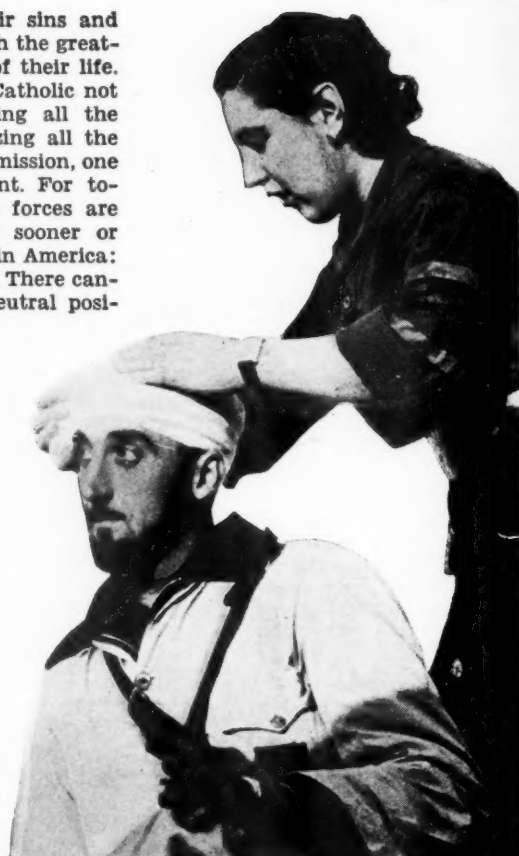
they are paying for their sins and those of their fathers with the greatest price possible—that of their life.

It is impossible for a Catholic not to take sides. Recognizing all the errors of the past, realizing all the sins of commission and omission, one cannot remain indifferent. For to-day in Spain those two forces are facing each other that sooner or later will join in combat in America: Christianity and atheism. There cannot be on this issue a neutral position. It is a crusade—that of Christ against anti-Christ. That is the main point to remember in this tragic conflict, that at any moment may spread its flames through the world.

**I**T is impossible for those who have seen this present country, not to believe that Franco's side stands for what is best in Spain. He promises, and already gives, order and freedom. His ideal of a Corporate State is more and more becoming the only logical answer to Communism and Fascism. If he carries it out in the spirit in which he is starting it, there will be a new Spain. If the other side wins—there will be only another Moscow. The world by now knows what to expect of that. The workers of the world should know that there is no bloodier dictatorship to-day than that of Moscow.

The voices of the unseen choir died out. The silence was complete in the vast cathedral. Only the murmur of prayers and the rustling of beads could be heard. Compassionate, the Virgin of the Seven Sorrows looked on. Heavy of heart, yet refreshed, I left the cathedral and slowly walked homeward. What is this? Fortifications? No, only a shelter being built against the airplanes of the enemy, which only last week dropped bombs on the nearby village of Alba de Tormes. Who knows where they will fall next? Closer and closer the war came to me.

The American girl was again at my table. She told me of the big *Fiesta* that took place on July 18th, a few days before my arrival, in honor of the first anniversary of the formation of the Nationalist Movement which is slowly yet successfully



Near Madrid: A Neatly-whiskered Spanish Nationalist is Given First-Aid Behind the Lines

liberating province after province of Spain. This great achievement is being paid for at the price of great sorrows and sacrifices which the Spaniards are bearing with courage and fortitude. The festival took place on a radiantly cool day, so rare in this season of the year. As usual in Catholic Spain, it opened with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—this time for the many dead. It continued in a series of brilliant gatherings of all kinds with the sole object of enlisting help for the wounded. The first day ended in an evening service in the old cathedral where the moral unity of all parties taking part in the great conflict was once more demonstrated. The next day, after another Mass, the troops passed before General Franco. He spoke briefly of the liberation of many provinces, the many victories on all the sectors of the various fronts, and of the great work of reconstruction which was being done everywhere and of what still had to be achieved.

This is an aspect of the Generalissimo that is very little understood or stressed abroad, my young American friend pointed out. For General Franco is not an adherent of the

Totalitarian State. On the contrary, following in the footsteps of Salazar of Portugal, he is anxious to form a Corporative State. Franco, who is not only a soldier but a statesman, has realized this perfectly. He has already established a government and started on this vast but imperative problem of raising a New Spain from the ashes of past mistakes, blood-drenched with penance.

The next morning after Mass the first call was at a huge structure, formerly an orphan asylum, now converted into a special hospital for the Moors. It had been hastily prepared. No two beds were alike, most having been privately donated. The place, spotlessly clean, is in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The halls were all filled with beds and the beds with wounded. All were from Morocco. These men have to be kept together not because of some silly racial prejudices (such seem non-existent in Spain) but because they have special rituals to be observed in their living and cooking. Nevertheless a crucifix was hanging in each ward. The Sisters told me that all the Moors love Christ, for they say He was a great Prophet.

In one of the beds an emaciated man moaned in deep pain. A young nurse brought in a hypodermic tray. The syringe was old and did not function well. She remarked that they were very short of syringes and sedatives of all kinds. They have repeatedly asked for them but there never seemed to be enough money. Further down an ingenious sling had been made for a fractured shoulder and arm. The young doctor, noticing my interest, said that they would like some real sling material. But where could they get it? It necessitated great propaganda abroad and this side of Spain has little money for propaganda since the whole gold reserve of the Bank of Spain is in the hands of the Reds.

**I**N ANOTHER ward all the patients were without any nightshirts. Again before my bewildered gaze, a nurse pointed out that they were short of hospital clothes and, for laundry purposes, have to take the shirts off their patients' backs. She added that in this warm climate the laundry dries quickly. I thought of the well stocked hospital I trained in and the thousand other United States and Canadian hospitals that lack nothing. There the poorest of the poor are treated in all comfort. And again I remembered the countless appeals made by the so-called Loyalists of Spain for their hospitals to which thousands upon thousands of American dollars have been sent.

I could not but wonder why American Catholics have been so slow to do likewise for their stricken Spanish brothers.

The inspection continued. Everywhere poverty and cleanliness. We arrived at the operating room, spotless as it should be, but ever so poor in surgical instruments. The doctor pointed to the shortage of this or that specific instrument. But as far as I could see, they needed whole sets. "We do our best during operations but it takes so long . . ." the doctor continued, and his voice trailed into a significant silence. "New sterilizers are what we need," added a nurse. "Anesthetics," chimed in another. I wished I were a millionaire. For what matter politics or statesmanship? They belong to another world. I stood there where all were equal in suffering and realized that all should help. Why don't we?

**T**HE inspection over, we crossed a patio to pay a visit to Miss Mercedes Mila (of the Vega Hospital) who is in charge of all the voluntary staff of the Red Cross and who has just returned from Brunette. There she found the enemies' hospitals so well equipped that a sigh of envy escaped her as she told about it. Her one thought was where and how to find linen, surgical instruments, medicines, anesthetics and all kinds of hospital equipment so sorely needed here. Could I help?

I listened sympathetically and promised to do my best, which can consist only of writing the honest truth about what I had seen. Many will read but promptly forget. Some (I hope) will remember and really help. I will never be able to forget the faces, the earnestness and the hope as well as the fortitude of those sorely tried people.

The next hospital was an old one in Salamanca, where generations of young Spanish physicians have studied. It is a large, airy building with over four hundred beds. There again I met the Spanish wounded. Amongst them was a hero of Alcazar who repeated for my benefit, with shining eyes, the great story of sixty-six days of unparalleled human courage and fortitude.

Back in my little cell I tried again to sort out impressions . . . Everywhere were order and discipline—a sort of moral unity hard to put into words; a hidden yet powerful enthusiasm that would sooner die than give up . . . Bits of conversations came floating back to my mind. "We fight to a bitter end, for we cannot allow holy Spain to fall into the hands of God-haters. . . . Ours is not an individual fight. We fight for the

whole world. We fight for the Faith. . . . Spain has sinned. Spaniards must pay the price of sin and do penance so that, renewed, we may rise clean and strong." I tried to understand.

The next day I drove to the neighboring village of Alba de Tormes, recently bombed by enemy planes. It is the place where St. Teresa of Avila made her first Foundation. Here still stands the little Carmelite convent, nestling close to a large church built to commemorate its holy foundress. In it also are kept her relics. A Carmelite Father from a nearby monastery showed us letters written by the Saint. The paper is yellow with age, yet the letters are still easily readable. The handwriting is firm and strong. With a sudden start I realized that we were standing on the very tiles her holy feet trod. My Spanish companions prayed fervently and said that she will save Spain. Near her relics can be seen grateful tokens placed there by Mrs. Franco, who comes here often with her daughter to pray. Close to the convent and the church lie the ruins of two houses destroyed in last week's raid. But why Alba de Tormes? It hasn't even one soldier. My companion answered: "But the relics of St. Teresa!" I would have preferred not to believe it, yet there was the evidence . . . Four women and six little children paid with their lives for the attempt.

**I** RETURNED to the city full of unanswered questions, and started on a round of visits to my fellow journalists of various countries and places. All agreed that it is impossible to evade such a conflict if people forget that justice precedes charity. Franco, who is Catholic to the core, is trying to see justice done. Even now his new Government in Burgos is shaping laws to promote it. It is with sorrow, but with open eyes, that the Spaniards look at their past.

The war will be long and drawn out perhaps, yet Franco will win. With all these thoughts crowding my mind I walked slowly past a series of shops. In the window of one a little insignia, to be worn in a coat lapel, attracted my attention. It was that of the Blessed Virgin, standing on the colors of Spain. Underneath was the inscription, "Viva Espana!" It is, I am told, the standard of Franco who has placed the New Spain under her protection. Mother of Sorrows, have mercy on this sorrowing world! Help us to see and to do rightly, before it is too late!

My third day in Spain was over . . . My last impression was that the Mother of God was bending over bleeding Spain.

# Catholics and Their Schools

Catholic Parents Who Do Not Send Their Children to Catholic Schools  
Do a Work Similar to That of Communists Who Burn These Schools

By W. JOYCE RUSSELL

**W**HILE Communists in Spain burn down or close Catholic schools we find American Catholics sending their children to non-Catholic schools and thus literally closing the doors of Catholic schools on the faces and futures of their own Catholic children. And this they do in spite of the fact that Catholic education is becoming more and more necessary every year. For there are great and unseen forces working beneath the surface of our civilization, namely, materialism and a false philosophy of life.

Materialism is the consideration of earthly things while ignoring the eternal. A recent statement of Henry Ford sums up this materialistic viewpoint. He said: "This question of recovery reminds me of the little boy in our Dearborn school, who took for a topic 'Why are we alive?' If he had been able to answer that," continues Mr. Ford, "he would have been answering a problem men have been pondering ever since the human brain began to operate reflectively. For one thing we are here to improve things, to get the most out of life, and to make the world a better and more comfortable place to live in."

Mr. Ford expressed doubt about everything else but this: that we are here to improve things, to build better and faster automobiles, higher and stronger skyscrapers, safer airplanes, more commodious homes; to make better toothpastes, fresher coffee, quicker safety razors, smoother cough medicine. If Mr. Ford had spoken to any little boy or girl in a Dearborn parochial school he would have let him in on a great secret, namely, that what gives life a meaning, purpose and hope is to know, love and serve God in this life in order to be happy with Him in the next.

In such an atmosphere the minds of children are being formed and developed today. Now, not only non-Catholics are being contaminated by this irreligious spirit but Catholics as well. And if grown-up Catholics with Catholic backgrounds are being affected, and they are, what chance has the young child or the adult of

tomorrow when put out in the world without a Catholic education and training? It does not seem that a thirty minute or a sixty minute religious régime will suffice to brace these children against this spirit. A sixty minute catechism class or Sunday school once a week is not enough.

Look at the question in plain figures and put that sixty minutes a week against the rest of the week in class rooms where teaching ignores the great Teacher, when a course of literature is given that ignores the Book of Books, where lessons are given in nature study that may not even mention the Author and Creator of nature, where a comprehensive course is given in the gods and goddesses of Rome and Greece, but where the teacher endangers his or her position by speaking of God the Father, and His Divine Son and His Blessed Mother, where the Church is treated as an historic institution with its historic shortcomings stressed.

Now, one hour a week in Sunday school will not fill in this gap and will not enable a child when grown to adolescence to fight the tremendous evil and unseen forces mowing down religion and smothering conscience at the present time in this country. Neither will instruction at home suffice. First of all, because this is not given consistently enough, secondly, because the instructing parents often do not know their religion well enough to teach it and, thirdly, because besides the actual instruction there must also be a Catholic atmosphere which pervades only Catholic schools.

**C**HILDREN should be in classrooms where a cross hangs beside the flag, where they can be trained by religious whose lives are dedicated to their work, where the lives of heroes of Christ and of country are taught. For Catholic education does not consist merely in explaining doctrines. It is not a lack of knowledge of doctrine that leads people astray. A divorced Catholic girl knows she is doing wrong when she attempts to re-marry. But in Catholic education

besides knowledge of doctrine there is also conveyed a religious moral training, a spirit of Catholicity, a spirit of prayer and love of God.

But how about colleges? After a child has spent some years in an elementary Catholic school can he not then enter a non-Catholic high school or college, being thus fortified in advance? Emphatically no! God and His Church are ignored in elementary non-Catholic schools but they are attacked in many non-Catholic high schools and in practically all non-Catholic colleges.

**F**URTHERMORE professors are so clever that students do not see through their false arguments. I could give an argument against the existence of the soul which is entirely false and full of sophistry, but if I dressed it in proper language and form to disguise it as truth I am sure the average college man could not refute it. Now this is what our non-Catholic professors are doing and it is unfair to place our young men in such danger.

Every year many Catholic parents send their girls to fashionable non-Catholic finishing schools. Their excuse is that they want them to make nice contacts and acquire social standing. Cannot our fine Catholic schools do this? It is a fact that many non-Catholic parents think they can, judging from the increasing number of non-Catholic students enrolled in our Catholic finishing schools. Many non-Catholic finishing schools are finishing schools as far as religion is concerned.

We have lately been roused to righteous indignation over the outrages committed in Spain. And one of the atrocities that has fired our indignation is the closing and burning of Catholic schools. I fail to see any great difference between the Communist who destroys or closes a Catholic school and Catholic parents who deliberately send their children to non-Catholic (which in many cases means atheistic) schools. Such parents, as far as their children are concerned, might just as well vote to have Catholic schools burned or closed.





Feed the Hungry

PASSIONISTS  
IN  
CHINA

Clothe the Naked

Joachim Beckes, C.P., Wukl, Hunan

## Kaotsun Comes Into Its Own

By BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

**T**HE Twenty-eighth day of the Fourth Moon or, to put it modernly, the Sixth day of the Sixth month of the Twenty-sixth year of the Chinese Republic meant nothing, perhaps, to the Chinese nation at large. Yet it marked a significant occasion in the Vicariate of Yüanling. For then it was that H. E. Bishop O'Gara blessed the new mission church of Kaotsun and dedicated to God under the patronage of *All Saints* a worthy temple of worship.

The day of the blessing was a gala one for the sturdy Catholic populace of Kaotsun. For years they had worshipped in a small chapel, one converted from several Chinese houses. It was narrow and cramped, rickety with age and as the number of the faithful continued to increase it had become entirely too small. Then a disastrous flood played havoc with the mission, reducing the worthiness of the church to the zero point. An appeal was made and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith of Boston offered to sponsor the erection of a new church in Kaotsun. The result is the fine substantial church of *All Saints*. Kaotsun had at last come into its own.

Father Cyprian Frank, the Pastor of Kaotsun, had worked long and hard to produce a fitting monument to the faith and zeal of his good Boston benefactors. He personally

drew the plans and detailed every last touch. Then he superintended the daily efforts of the workmen. It was an arduous labor of love which he had undertaken and for months he had spent himself in the task. It was a happy culmination to his work to find himself surrounded on the day of the dedication by his Bishop, his fellow missionaries and his numerous Christians.

The festivities really began the day previous with the arrival of the Vicar Apostolic, Bishop O'Gara. He had come up from Yüanling via bus and sampan, bringing with him Father Ernest Cunningham, a former Pastor of Kaotsun. And certainly Father Ernest could share with Father Cyprian the joy of the occasion for in Kaotsun he had labored years before. He could wax happy over the fact that his former parish was now able to glory in the possession of a new church. The Bishop was accompanied from Chenki by Father Flavian Mullins, the Religious Superior. Over the mountains from Chihkiang came Father William by sedan chair. And Father Timothy McDermott rode in from the border bulwark of Fenghwang by mule.

Such a convergence of fellow missionaries taxed the limited accommodations of Father Cyprian's rambling mission house. But it overjoyed

his hospitable heart. Only at long intervals had he been able to meet a brother priest since his quiet river-town of Kaotsun lies far off the beaten track. Then to have half a dozen of them burst in on him at once seemed just too good to be true. And so as each one arrived, hot and weary from travel, he was there to greet the new arrival, his smile, famous in its own right, working to its full capacity. After a hearty handshake he would poke his thumb over his shoulder towards his small house and say, "Plenty of room but no privacy." But he knew that all a missionary needs is enough floor space to accommodate his bedding which a missionary always carries with him. By nightfall his house had become a missionaries' dormitory.

**E**ARLY the next morning the ceremonies began. The weather was frightfully hot, the mercury registering well over 100 degrees. Since long before dawn the visiting priests had been following each other at the one available altar so as to be finished their own Masses before the blessing of the new church. From the early hours also confessions were heard as the number of Christians had been greatly augmented by those who had come from the neighboring missions. Thus by the time the dedication procession arrived at the front

door of the church, the entire mission compound was filled with people, all decked out in their finest celebration attire. They gazed with something like awe at the Bishop as he appeared in mitre and crozier. For while they had all greeted His Excellency the day previous on his arrival, they had never before seen their Shepherd in his pontifical robes.

The preliminary prayers at the door of the church being finished, His Excellency then sprinkled the outside walls of the edifice. The procession moved to the interior where



the litany of the saints was chanted at the foot of the altar. The interior of the church was then sprinkled with holy water. The doors were thrown open and the people took their places in the nave. Their own mission church was now formally dedicated and henceforth would be known as the *Church of All Saints*.

**I**MEDIATELY after the blessing had concluded the Bishop preached to the congregation. As he was to confer the Sacrament of confirmation at the conclusion of the sermon he combined an instructive talk on the Sacrament with a splendid exposition of the sentiments which should animate the faithful on the occasion of the dedication of their own mission church. A goodly number of men, women and children received confirmation. The Bishop then celebrated Mass at which well nigh the entire congregation received Holy Communion.

At the close of the Mass the Bishop was well spent. The triple ceremony had taken some hours and with the terrific heat it was quite telling. The congregation was fortunate in that it was able to use small fans continually. But for the Bishop and

priests in the sanctuary no such alleviation was possible. Yet tired and weary though he was, His Excellency went out among the milling crowd in the compound where the faithful were waiting to greet him. On all sides myriads of detonations rent the air as enormous quantities of fire-crackers were put off. Jubilation was evident everywhere. Father Cyprian's smile in particular was radiant. And no wonder. It was his day.

The visiting missionaries made a tour of inspection. Most of them had built mission churches of their own and so were more or less competent critics. Nothing of course missed their discerning eyes. The beauty, the simplicity and the substantiality of the church captivated them. All agreed that it was a perfect example of splendid church building. The care and foresight that had planned and

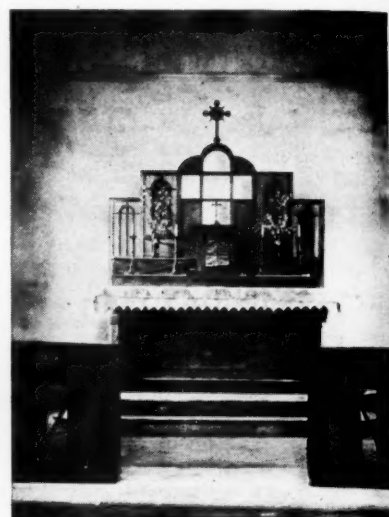


The interior (left), entrance (center) and altar (right) of the new chapel at Kaotsun, Hunan. It was designed and supervised by Fr. Cyprian Frank, C.P.

considered each and every item of construction was everywhere evident. Father Cyprian came in for the hearty and encouraging congratulations of all. When asked just how it was possible to erect such a splendid building, considering the exquisite perfection of detail when it was known that all he was able to count on was the assistance of local Chinese artisans, Father Cyprian laconically replied in his slow Western drawl, "I had m'nose between each brick."

During the rest of the day and far into the night the visiting missionaries made merry in each other's company. It is not often that so many are able to gather at one time. Stationed at various places in the

Vicariate, most of them living alone, only at rare intervals is opportunity given to them to enjoy the company of a fellow priest. In this case some had not seen each other in years since the priests in different sections of the district are often unable to travel except at great hazard. Consequently, they made the best of the golden opportunity offered at Kaotsun. And as a sense of humor is one of a foreign missionary's greatest assets, on such an occasion does it flourish and blossom. Mission experiences were swapped by the dozen, good natured joshing was indulged



in by all and the sheer joy of unlimited English conversation (after months of speaking and hearing Chinese) was in itself a veritable tonic. Father Ernest Cunningham, our prize hermit (since his bandit-infested region ordinarily permitted him the sight of a brother priest perhaps twice a year) appreciably brightened the gathering with his ever enjoyable dry wit and seemingly inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes. But he himself could not live down the amusing incident that happened on his arrival.

When the Kaotsun people heard that Father Ernest, their old Pastor, had arrived they all trooped in to greet him. However, in former years he gloried in the possession of a full length iron-grey beard. Clean shaven, he was unrecognizable to the Chinese. Repeatedly he stated that he was Father Ernest and much to the merriment of the other Fathers the Chinese insisted that he wasn't their Father Ernest since their Father Ernest had a fine long beard. In desperation Father Ernest decided to take a smoke for he had no intention of giving up the fight to prove that he was the genuine Father Ernest.

So he reached for his great black pipe, his vade mecum of many years. As soon as the pipe appeared his former parishioners recognized it. "Father Ernest's pipe," was heard on all sides. That settled it. He was their Father Ernest.

At dawn the next day the exodus of missionaries took place. Father Timothy started off through the hills on his mule with his escort of soldiers and a number of his Christians

who had come to Kaotsun for the celebration. Down to the river bank went the Bishop and the other missionaries to board their small sampans. As they drew off down stream Father Cyprian waved good-by from the shore. Back to his mission he went wondering perhaps when good fortune would favor him again and bring a fellow missionary his way.

Henceforth high over the roof tops of Kaotsun there will stand out the

stone cross atop the new church at the Catholic Mission. It will remain an enduring reminder to the people at large that the Catholic Faith has become entrenched in their midst, a symbol of faith and love. It marks another step in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in the Vicariate of Yüanling. It stands as a fitting crown to a work made available through the generous efforts of the Catholics of Boston. May God bless them!

## Fishing in Central China

By MICHAEL ANTHONY CAMPBELL, C.P.

**A**BOVE Nanking on the Yangtze, wherever the current is swift and deep near to the shore, in some little cove where the muddy waters are going round and round, you will usually find a large net at least five yards square. It is suspended from four bamboo poles attached to a frame which reaches out over the water. Every few minutes you will see one of the natives pull on a long rope which is attached to the other end of the frame. The net comes up out of the water. If any fish are caught you can see them jumping about in the net as your boat sails slowly by.

The native has a little straw hut close by where he or she seeks shelter while on duty at the net. At the other end of the frame, opposite to the end where the net is fastened, is tied a basket of rocks. It is of almost equal weight to that of the net. This makes it easy for the operator to move the frame (which works on a pivot) up or down. This seems to be the most popular method of fishing in the Yangtze between Nanking and Hankow. Occasionally nets are spread out in the river, and some weirs, but there is so much traffic on the river that those who use these methods of fishing at times suffer heavy losses.

At Wuchang, while waiting for your ferry to leave the pontoon for Hankow, not forty yards away you will see two fishermen in a small sampan. The man or boy in the stern rows the boat against the current. As the boat slowly drifts back down stream, his companion in the front dips into the water a triangular net on a pole some fifteen feet long. Practice alone enables him to keep his balance while thus maneuvering. After drifting down stream a hundred yards or more, the man in the

bow pulls the net up out of the water to see what he caught. Of all the times I have seen this operation performed, I have yet to see a fish brought up. Not far down the river from the pontoon where one disembarks for the train to Changsha, the fishermen use circular nets, for here the current is not so swift. This type of net can sink to the bottom conveniently.

Across the river from Wuchang at Hankow, in the creeks and ice ponds to the rear of the French and Japanese concessions, much fishing is done. These bodies of water are supplied with fish by the periodic floods that occur in these parts. Some of the fishing is done by the frame and drop net as I explained above; some, by drag nets—especially in the larger ponds. Often I have seen men fishing with rod and reel in those ponds which were too small for the use of the drag net.

Commercial large-scale fishing at Hankow seems to be in the hands of a certain group, for I always saw the same men working together in the different ponds. After the rainy season, out in the old Jardine Estate, it is common to see one or two Chinese with a scoop net, trying their luck in the little puddles the heavy rains left behind. I shall never forget the time I saw the women and girls squeezing some sort of a snail up out of the mud in the rain water ditches of that same estate. There is one other thing I noticed at Hankow—and only there—and it was only last January that I saw it. Men, wearing very small baby boats as water shoes, would skim across the water as a man with skis skims across the snow—only not quite so fast. They held long poles in their hands, with which they directed

cormorants in their hunt for fish.

Just above Tao Yuan in Hunan, in the middle of the last but gentle rapid of the Yuan River, are built a couple of very large fish traps. One might call them fish screens. They are built of trees and boards covering a surface at least half the size of a football field. The lower end of the screen, which is up stream, rests on the bottom of the river, and the higher end of the screen, which is down stream, is built high enough to be out of the water at the flood season. The screen, therefore, is built at a slant shooting down into the water. From the upstream corners, jutting out into the river like the letter "V," poles are driven into the river bed. At the screen they are very close together, but as they get farther away they are placed wider apart.

**A**S THE fish come down river, they are frightened by the poles and are guided towards the bottom of the "V." When they arrive there the current of the river washes them up on the screen. There is a man always stationed in a little hut nearby. When he sees a fish washed up he runs down and picks it up. These screens are built and run by a whole village or clan. A day's catch will sometimes go into hundreds of pounds. Any log raft hitting and damaging the fish screen is liable for damages, I believe. The sound of the water rushing between the poles stuck in the river bed and up on the fish screen is audible a half mile away.

There is no more picturesque sight than that from the verandah of the Temple on Phoenix Mountain, opposite Yüanling. Looking down on the still, clear, shallow waters of the Yuan River, one can watch the cor-



morants dive for fish. At least two or three of these large birds operate from each boat. Two men row. The one forward uses his net to take the birds out of the water. The man aft does the steering. When the skipper wants the bird to start fishing he puts it into the water and waits for it to dive. If it will not go under he shouts at it. If it is still stubborn the man in the bow of the boat splashes water on it with an oar until it dives.

The bird then goes under and hunts amongst the rocks on the bottom for fish. It might be under a number of minutes before it comes up. When it appears again it does not always have a fish. But if it does have one the skipper and his helper get to the bird with all speed. For if the fish is a big one, in its struggle to get away it will keep the head of the bird in the water most of the time until the boat reaches it. Bird and fish are scooped out of the water, and the cormorant is given a morsel of food. If the bird has been in the water for some time it is given a rest. Usually the cormorants come up out of the water ahead of the boat to one side or the other, sometimes at a distance of a hundred yards. Some of the best birds are valued at eighty dollars. I have seen as many as twenty-five cormorant fishing boats working at once. What a mad scene it was! Birds everywhere, men yelling and splashing them, boats dashing here and there, missing each other by inches.

**T**HERE is another peculiar method of fishing in Yüanling, which I hear is of recent adoption. A number of families team together and during the afternoon pick out a spot in the river and lay down their fishing lines. These lines are almost endless but are laid with method. On the lines about three inches apart hang hooks for the whole length of the line. Now on these hooks no bait is placed, yet they catch fish!

How is it done? Well, after dark—about 8.30 P.M.—each family gets into its boat, lined up in formation. On a given signal all begin beating on heavy boards placed in the bottom of their boats. (The very thought of this sound makes one homesick for Yüanling). The fish, hearing this racket above them, become frightened. As the noise converges towards the fishing lines they run into the hooks and get caught and tangled up in them. Some nights the catch is much over a hundred pounds.

While the Seminary was located at Wuki a couple of years ago, the

boys had two experiences which bring out as many different ways of catching fish in China. The first was by hand. We were wading up one of the brooks which abound among the mountains of Wuki. Peter was in the lead, fishing with his hands under every rock and overhanging bank. Suddenly he let out a yell. Something had bitten him, but he didn't give up. He tried again and got his game. It was a two-pound *Ua Ua*—a fish about which we had heard so much. Many a story is told hereabouts of how these fish of much larger size have eaten children. The fish has a large head and mouth, four fat legs and a long tail. We brought it home and put it on exhibition until it died. That was the biggest fish I have seen caught by hand.

The other experience was this: His Excellency, Bishop O'Gara, was coming to pay the seminary a visit. We were not certain of the date of his arrival. To be sure that we wouldn't miss him, we started out to meet him on the earliest day possible that he could arrive. We went as far as Mel Tsi Tan. While waiting there we took a swim in the creek. Having waited as long as we could, we were starting home when one of the seminarists cried out: "Look at the big fish at the bottom of the creek." Peter volunteered to go in and get it. It was dead.

"How did it die?" I asked. "It was bitten (so they put it) by lime." This is a common way of killing fish in the creeks in our Vicariate. The natives paddle along, and whenever they come to a large boulder under which they think some fish are hid-

ing they throw some lime in the water about the rock. This kills the fish there. This particular fish drifted to where we were. Of course the boys could not miss this opportunity to get lots of "face." They washed the fish, stuck a branch through its gill and carried it home in great state. Everyone along the way remarked, as we passed, what a great catch we had taken!

**L**AST summer when we were spending vacation at Wusu, a little after dark a group of fifteen people passed in front of the out-mission. I asked one of the seminarists where they were going. Each person was carrying a basket on his or her back. Gabriel replied that they had come from the country and were going up the creek (for the water was very low at that time) to poison the fish. He explained that the people from that part of the country break into small pieces the cakes of the shells of the wood oil nut, after the oil has been pressed from them. These pieces are sprinkled about in those places along the creek where the water collects in a sort of pond, as it were, and where there is very little chance of the fish being able to get out. After this stuff is put into the water the fish are all poisoned and come floating to the top. It gets them all. It is quite an expensive process, so it has to be engineered by a good crowd which has to be almost dead sure of a good killing.

There is just one more odd way of killing fish that I would like to mention. This method is not indulged in very frequently and owes its origin to the development of modern explosives. When the soldiers at Yuan-chow want a catch of large fish, they station a few of their number up stream to keep an eye out for schools of large fish coming down river. When they spot a school they give a signal to their comrades stationed on the bridges. At the right moment one of the men throws a hand-grenade into the water, thus killing enough fish to feed the company. Yet this is very dangerous, for at Wusu one soldier was killed as the hand-grenade went off in his hands due to some faulty mechanism.

While this nation and Japan are at death grips, the people of even this remote province must also feel aroused. Still the daily tasks go on. Men, women and children must eat. In their rice paddies, their grain fields, their vegetable patches and on their fishing excursions—food necessarily occupies their thoughts. This is especially true here since so little is brought in from other sections of China, even those quite near.



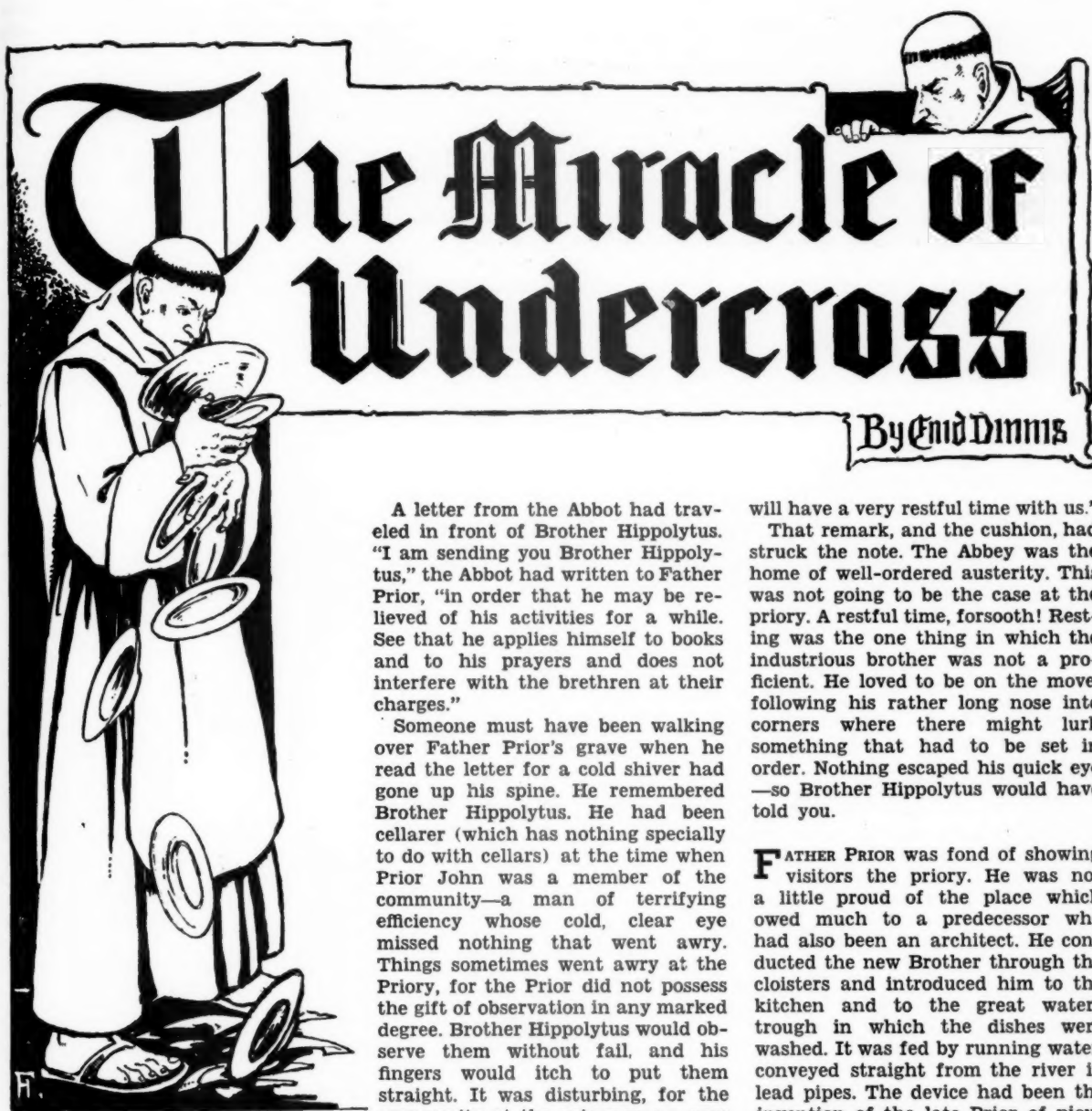
Chinese seminarians crossing the Yüan at the start of a fishing trip.

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**B**ROTHER HIPPOLYTUS was not prepared to be greatly struck with Undercross Priory. If one may intrude an ugly anachronism of speech into a mediaeval story, he was in a decidedly snuffy frame of mind when he arrived there from the Abbey at Exover, of which he had been the main, though unrecognized, support for many years past. The Abbot had warned him that he would not be asked to undertake any special charge. It would have been different if they had sent him there to be Prior. A special premonition told him that Undercross would need setting in order. Miracles happened there, it was said—that spoke for itself.

A letter from the Abbot had traveled in front of Brother Hippolytus. "I am sending you Brother Hippolytus," the Abbot had written to Father Prior, "in order that he may be relieved of his activities for a while. See that he applies himself to books and to his prayers and does not interfere with the brethren at their charges."

Someone must have been walking over Father Prior's grave when he read the letter for a cold shiver had gone up his spine. He remembered Brother Hippolytus. He had been cellarer (which has nothing specially to do with cellars) at the time when Prior John was a member of the community—a man of terrifying efficiency whose cold, clear eye missed nothing that went awry. Things sometimes went awry at the Priory, for the Prior did not possess the gift of observation in any marked degree. Brother Hippolytus would observe them without fail, and his fingers would itch to put them straight. It was disturbing, for the community at the priory was a very happy one and the brethren dwelt together in unity and fraternal charity whatever else might be lacking.

When Brother Hippolytus was announced the Prior ran his eye nervously over his desk and took a goose-quill out of the ink-horn and set it in its place. Brother Hippolytus entered. He was a tall, sparsely built man, and as he knelt to ask the Prior's blessing his keen eye was brought by the humble posture onto a level with the cushion on Father Prior's chair. It was not only a cushion but it was shedding its stuffing.

Father Prior greeted him cordially. "I will show you the priory," he said to the new-comer. "I hope that you

will have a very restful time with us."

That remark, and the cushion, had struck the note. The Abbey was the home of well-ordered austerity. This was not going to be the case at the priory. A restful time, forsooth! Resting was the one thing in which the industrious brother was not a proficient. He loved to be on the move, following his rather long nose into corners where there might lurk something that had to be set in order. Nothing escaped his quick eye—so Brother Hippolytus would have told you.

**F**ATHER PRIOR was fond of showing visitors the priory. He was not a little proud of the place which owed much to a predecessor who had also been an architect. He conducted the new Brother through the cloisters and introduced him to the kitchen and to the great water-trough in which the dishes were washed. It was fed by running water, conveyed straight from the river in lead pipes. The device had been the invention of the late Prior of pious memory. The water entered the trough through a tap, like those in a barrel or tun, and ran away again when you lifted out a plug in the bottom of the trough. Most ingenious and serviceable in the saving of labor.

But somehow Brother Hippolytus was not interested in the trough and the running water. A monk ought to be able to carry his own water. He cast a cursory glance over the eminently practical invention of the late Prior of venerated memory. His eye lacked its usual lustre. Brother Hippolytus was not out to be impressed. He allowed it to wander whilst the Prior expatiated on the domestic acumen of his venerated predecessor.

It alighted on Brother Hyacinth who was busy drying some platters. He had undertaken the job for a brother who had gone off to the infirmary with a megirim. Brother Hyacinth had a gentle countenance and a far-away look in his eye. He was humming to himself softly as he wiped the surface of a plate.

The new brother fixed his gaze unblinkingly on one of the plates that lay face downwards on the drying-board. Brother Hyacinth stopped humming and picking it up removed a stain that plainly should not have been there.

"I FEAR me that I have terribly sharp eyes," Brother Hippolytus observed, apologetically.

"Brother Hyacinth lets his wits gather wool ever and anon," the Prior said, with a smile; "and," he added, "he sets some of his fleeces to music. We sometimes sing his songs in community."

Brother Hippolytus was not edified. A reprimand, if not a penance, should rightly have been bestowed on the careless brother. Things were plainly not as they should be at the priory.

After that, Father Prior showed him the Scriptorium, and the corner where the brothers who were employed in copying manuscripts had their desks. It was shielded from the north wind by a screen of glass, also a device of the late Prior of pious memory, and one calculated to make the brothers soft and over-anxious about their comfort. An aged monk was seated there poring over his work of illumination, his gold-leaf and pigments close at hand.

"Poor old Brother Peter, he's getting blind," the Prior remarked. "He will not be able to go on much longer. A very holy old man. We set great store by his prayers. He has wonderful vision. He illuminates our minds as well as our missals."

"I should have thought that it took a man with entirely unimpaired eyesight to do illuminating," Brother Hippolytus commented. "Are you not afraid of getting your parchments spoiled?"

He was beginning respectfully to lament the lack of common sense displayed by the Prior who was not yet of pious memory.

It was thus that the cold, clear eye of Brother Hippolytus ran over everybody and everything in his new surroundings. It had a most peculiar effect on the community. If Brother Refectorian chanced to meet the brother when he happened to be carrying a pile of platters, the platters would fall to the ground in a heap, although Brother Refectorian

was not as a rule a clumsy fellow. Brother Hippolytus would invariably spot the one item forgotten when the tables were set out for a meal. He appeared to possess eyes that saw everything at once, but most distinctly and unfailingly the one thing that was not there. It seemed incredible that Father Prior should not be making use of such a valuable member of his household in the onerous task of supervision. By the end of a week Brother Hippolytus had become convinced that what the priory required was a drastic reformation. But a reformer must have an office to support him. More than once one of the elder monks had reminded him whose business it was that he was expected to mind. Intensified silence and the hard gaze of a cold, clear eye were the only means at his disposal for bringing home to the various members of the community the inadequacy of their attempts to do the tasks assigned to them. Complaints could of course be carried to the right quarter, but there was a terrible spirit of go-as-you-please about everybody in authority, from the Prior downward.

"I can't help seeing these things," Brother Hippolytus would declare, with a heavy sigh, kneeling in the correct manner at the Prior's feet. "There is nothing that escapes my eye."

"It might perhaps ease you if Brother Peter were to lend you one of his blind eyes?" the Prior suggested, in his silly, facetious way, after one such recital. And he added his invariable comment. "Brother Peter is a very holy man." Father Prior couldn't mention Brother Peter without calling him a holy man. He appeared to keep watch for indications of sanctity in the aged scribe to justify the recurring apostrophe.

ONE brother was fated to become Brother Hippolytus's *bête noir*. (A holy monk is not expected to become involved with a black beast except that it be the devil out to assault him for his soul's good, thinking in his silly devil's blindness that it be for his evil) but Brother Hippolytus' *bête noir* was no other than Brother Hyacinth, the whitest of the sheep shepherded by the Prior.

Brother Hyacinth had a simply maddening effect on Brother Hippolytus. He was a dreamer, which alone is a scourge to a practical man. He had given a sample of the way in which he accomplished his tasks on the occasion when Brother Hippolytus had been shown the kitchen. Hyacinth never failed to overlook something when he was given work to do. It did not matter if the task

had been laid upon him or if he had volunteered to do it instead of someone else, which he would frequently be doing out of good nature. The same absent-mindedness would set on it the seal of incompetency. If Brother Hyacinth went to the Infirmary to look after the sick, a charge that he particularly delighted in, the fire-tongs would be found lying on the end of a sick brother's bed. Yet withal Brother Hyacinth was a great favorite with his fellow-monks. They put up with his vagaries in the most exasperating way, helping him out of the tight places they got him into. He could with the greatest delight to himself have spent the day saying his prayers in the chapel—and the best place for him, too—but Father Prior had thought it better for his soul that he should wash the dishes in the kitchen. Brother Hyacinth would no doubt be seeing visions wherever he was. He contrived to make himself perfectly happy in the scullery scouring the pots and pans, singing the while softly to himself the songs to Our Lady which he had learnt, or worse still, composed himself.

THE singing militated against the rule of silence, so Brother Hippolytus pointed out to Brother Cook, but Brother Cook was like the rest of them. He had a weakness for Hyacinth who did a bit over and above what was his share. Hippolytus managed to get the singing stopped by dint of an appeal to higher authority, but Brother Hyacinth's thoughts continued to wander off into realms where the angels sing as long and as often as they like, and the greasy water would as like as not be left standing in the trough in spite of the fact that the late Father Prior of venerated memory had not forgotten to design a plugged hole for the purpose of letting it run away.

As a rest cure the life at Undercross Priory was a complete failure, as far as poor Brother Hippolytus was concerned. He was irked at every turn by what he saw of the pie into which he was not permitted to thrust a finger.

One day he was walking through the Scriptorium. As usual his sharp eye went roving round the place. There were some really fine examples of the illuminator's art in the open books on the desks for the priory was famous for that branch of the book-maker's craft. But the sharp eye of Brother Hippolytus saw but one object—it was a dirty clout lying on the ledge under the glass screen near to where old Brother Peter was bending over his work.

"Who has left that clout over yon-



der?" Brother Hippolytus inquired of Brother Peter. "Is it not the custom that those who clean the glass leave their tools ready for use on the next occasion?" It was said in the tone of pious inquiry that seeks information and also implies the giving of it.

"Oh, that would be Brother Hyacinth," the old man answered casually. "He has offered to clean the glass for me so that I may be better able to see what I am doing. My eyes are not quite so good as they were. And," he added: "Brother Hyacinth is always very kind. He has forgotten to take the clout away," he explained.

"THAT surprises me not," Hippolytus said, in his driest tones. "Brother Hyacinth appears to be incapable of applying his mind to his task."

"Nay, but it was an act of charity," the other protested. "I had not noticed the clout myself, my eyes are not as good as they were." He repeated the words sadly. "See," he said, pointing to the lettering on the page before him, "I have not made the 'C' in the word 'charity' to my liking. 'Tis a fair word—charity."

Hippolytus scrutinized the word to which his attention had been invited.

"It's a mighty big 'C,'" he commented, "and you have laid the gold on over-thick, methinks."

"Aye," the old monk agreed, "but 'tis a fair word, 'charity'."

"My sight is unusually keen," Brother Hippolytus explained. "An ordinary man might not notice it."

Brother Peter was gazing in front of him, at nothing in particular. The eyes of his soul were intently fixed on something with the unimpaired vision of one who has always found "charity" a delectable word.

Brother Hippolytus read the whole sentence: "And the greatest of these is Charity." Yes, there was assuredly too much gold, and it was inclined to be lumpy. And why spell "charity" with a capital "C"?

The brother in charge of the Scriptorium was made cognizant of the fact that a soiled clout had been left there, and Brother Hyacinth got his penance all right. But it was all very vexatious to the soul of Brother Hippolytus. The smile that went round the chapter house when Hyacinth acknowledged his fault was a sad sign of levity in the community. His own face was the only really grim one.

Father Prior indited a letter about this time to the Lord Abbot. "Brother Hippolytus," he wrote, "is resting from his activities somewhat against his will. The priory is usually con-

sidered a place where a man may find repose, but since the coming of Brother Hippolytus there has been a certain spirit of unquiet abroad. Yet I pray that he may find rest for his soul. We have men of wonderful holiness in our community."

Things came to a climax one afternoon when Brother Hippolytus happened to be passing the kitchen. It was an hour when washing-up should have been finished, but one of the kitchen brothers had gone out into the fields and Brother Hyacinth was taking his place, so of course washing-up was still in process. The passer-by heard a cheerful *Salve Regina* being chanted beyond the closed kitchen door. He recognized the voice. It was mingled with the sound of water flowing from the tap.

It might have been Hyacinth's idea of a musical accompaniment to his song; or he might have been oblivious of the fact that the tap was running.

Brother Hippolytus walked on slowly. A minute later Hyacinth passed by with the dog who turned the spit. Hyacinth did not consider that exclusively circular exercise was good for the latter and often took him for a straightforward walk after work was over. Brother Hippolytus turned suddenly on his heel. A thought had come into his head. It might have been a warning from his guardian angel. It might have been something else; but at any rate it suddenly occurred to him that the feather-brained brother might have left the tap running. It would be



"It's quite a simple device," Brother Hyacinth said

worth while going back to see. Quite worth while. That would be an offense that the brothers could not afford to smile at.

Hippolytus returned to the kitchen door. He listened. Yes, there *was* unmistakably the sound of a tap running. He opened the door and poked his long, thin nose inside. One glance was sufficient to bear out the evidence of his ears. (Brother Hippolytus had also exceedingly sharp ears.) The water was flowing gaily from the tap into the trough, which was already nearly half filled.

Hippolytus closed the door again hastily. It was a peculiar action in the circumstances. It would have been the normal thing to walk in and turn off the tap. But Brother Hippolytus had been reminded to mind his own business. Turning off the water-tap was the business of the brother engaged in washing the dishes. It would teach Brother Hyacinth an unforgettable lesson if the place were flooded.

Brother Hippolytus, standing outside the kitchen door and presenting the situation to his conscience, an inverted process that sometimes shaped the actions of the good brother, arrived at the conclusion that it was incumbent upon him to report what he had seen, or rather it would be better to say heard, to the person whom it concerned, the Brother who was in charge of the kitchen. It would take some little time to do this, and meanwhile an object lesson would be in preparation for the holy monk who had a regrettable habit of not attending to what he was doing.

**B**ROTHER HIPPOLYTUS pursued his way. Brother Cook was nowhere to be found. By this time the kitchen would be in a state of inundation round about the end where the trough stood. There would be a pretty mess to clean up. And a terrible waste of water, albeit that it came in from the river which contained an unlimited supply. The priory kitchen promised to become like to the pond where they caught the fish for Friday.

Hippolytus came to the conclusion that circumstances justified his no longer minding his own business. He had better go back and see to the tap himself. He was beginning to picture Brother Cook asking him why in the name of all that it is permissible for a monk to swear by had he not turned off the tap himself when he knew that the water was running away?

It might be wiser to make the discovery now for the first time.

Fortune favored the disingenuous

brother. Just as he reached the kitchen door who should he see approaching but Father Prior himself.

Father Prior discovered Hippolytus outside the kitchen door in an attitude of intent listening.

"Methought that I heard a sound as though of a tap running," Brother Hippolytus said. "Brother Hyacinth hath been here washing the dishes."

By way of answer Father Prior opened the door and walked briskly into the kitchen.

**S**URE enough, the tap was running merrily. The water was up to the brim of the trough. But—incredible sight!—there was no water round about. The floor of the kitchen remained as dry—shall we say, as the pathway in the Red Sea trodden by the Israelites!

The Prior proceeded to turn the tap off. "How long is it since the Brother left the kitchen?" he asked.

"I met him coming away more than an hour since," Hippolytus said. "The place should rightly have been flooded out."

The Prior shot a glance at the other. He was silent for a moment. Then he remarked, in quite a casual tone of voice:

"Perhaps the brother's guardian angel has seen to it? Brother Hyacinth is on wonderfully good terms with his guardian angel. Well, one never knows what might come of saying one's prayers and being in charity with one's neighbor. Brother Hyacinth is a very holy man."

Brother Hippolytus stood there gaping. This beat everything!—that the angels themselves should be on the side of the inefficient brother. Did the powers of Heaven actually favor the ilk of Brother Hyacinth? They said miracles did happen at the priory.

"It is possible," the Prior reflected, "that the brother returned a moment since and turned the tap on then. One must not ignore the possibilities."

Hippolytus opened his mouth and shut it again. He could not tell the Prior that the tap was running nearly two hours ago. He had made as though to hear it for the first time but three minutes since. The miracle would have to stand good, and Brother Hyacinth's halo would be fixed more firmly than ever about his smack-worthy head.

"I will speak to Brother Hyacinth about it," the Prior said. "And he will be thinking that he has the saints and angels for his confederates when he plays the fool," was the other's retort.

The Prior's gentle eyes rested on the brother's disturbed countenance.

"You seem inclined to think that

there has been an intervention of Providence, Brother," he observed. "Well, it could be. Hyacinth is a very holy monk for all his forgetfulness."

The Prior went quietly on his way. Little miracles of this kind seemed to be a commonplace at Undercross. What chance had a man of getting his fellows to take life seriously when Providence was ready to give them the assistance accorded to children and drunken men? Undercross might be a paradise for dreamers but it was a purgatory for a practical man. Of course there was the devil—a possibility—but it was hard to credit the devil with trying to help Brother Hyacinth out of a scrape. It would go too much against the satanic grain.

In a sort of way he supposed Brother Hyacinth was a very holy monk. Stupidity was the trouble with him, an inability to be on the spot. As though to disclaim the latter charge, who should appear at that moment but Brother Hyacinth. He was followed by Bobbin, the dog, and for once, in a way, he was looking just a trifle disturbed.

**I** CAME to see if by any chance I had left the tap running," Brother Hyacinth said. "The thought came to me just now that I might not have turned it off."

"That would have been a pretty business," Hippolytus answered. "I suppose you expected to find the place under water."

"Well, no; not exactly that," Hyacinth said. His tone was quite casual. "The water would be running away through the waste pipe."

He surveyed with amusement the face of the man whom he was addressing. "Did you not know that the water ran away through a waste pipe?" he said. "Our late Father Prior, God rest his soul, designed that along with the rest. I am surprised that it escaped your notice, Brother."

The simple solution of the miracle was rather staggering. It fairly robbed Brother Hippolytus of speech.

"Fancy that escaping your eye!" Brother Hyacinth repeated. "But come and look and I will show you the way that the waste-pipe works."

Brother Hippolytus went over obediently and looked.

A thought struck him. "Does Father Prior know of this contrivance?" he asked.

"Why, of course!" Brother Hyacinth was looking at him with a widening smile. "It's quite a simple device; and it's very necessary in case some crazy wight like myself should perchance leave the tap running. I do wonder, Brother, that it

escaped your unusually sharp eye." Brother Hippolytus was not wondering himself. He was considering the events subsequent to his introduction to the water-trough.

"Then if Father Prior had found the tap running and no overflow," he commented, "he would not have counted it as owing to the intervention of someone's guardian angel?"

Brother Hyacinth deliberated. "Well," he made answer, "Father Prior is very holy and his mind goes deeply into the causes of things. He

may have held it that someone's guardian angel had put it into the head of our late venerated Prior to invent a pipe to carry away the water. But—'tis passing strange that it escaped your observation."

Brother Hyacinth checked himself. "But there," he said, "perchance when Father Prior showed you the kitchen your mind was occupied with higher things since you came to Undercross to study and take repose."

Hippolytus answered him.

"No," he said—he said it gruffly—

"that is not the reason why I came to Undercross. I came in order to learn that I was not such a clever fellow as I thought."

And then he added, in very humble tones, as one speaking who has made a discovery: "Undercross is a very wonderful place; and all the brothers are very holy men. Father Prior especially is a very holy man. And, moreover," he added, "he is no fool."

And so in spite of the existence of the waste-pipe there was a miracle at Undercross, after all.

## Henri Ghéon's Apostolate

As an Interpreter of the Lives of the Saints Henri Ghéon Has Achieved Great Distinction in the Modern Catholic Revival

By LÉON BAISIER

ONE of the characteristics of the Catholic literary revival is the militancy of its defense of Catholic culture. In England we have had not only the aggressive, uproarious ridicule of a Chesterton or a Belloc fighting for the preservation of the Faith, but also the keen, polemical satire of a Father Ronald Knox, an Arnold Lunn, and a Douglas Woodruff. In France, only the popularity of the novel surpasses interest in Catholic biography. This, strangely enough, is especially true of the lives of the saints. The Protestant revolt destroyed the images of the saints. The enlightened Eighteenth Century scoffed at the legends that had been woven about them. Today, it is considered fashionable to know the saints.

The Nineteenth Century created a veritable cult of Saint Francis of Assisi, while our own leans very definitely to Saint Thomas Aquinas. Who, may I ask, has quite captivated the world as the Little Flower of Jesus? It is really surprising to note how many Catholic writers have turned their literary talents to the re-discovery of the saints. The names of Emile Baumann, Louis Bertrand, and Henri Lavédan in France; those of Christopher Hollis, C. C. Martindale, and Father Cuthbert in England, as well as those of Johannes Jørgensen, Karl Adam, Giovanni Papini on the general European stage, and Agnes Repplier, Michael Williams and James J. Daly, S. J. on the American, are only a few of those who might be mentioned.

It is as an Interpreter of the lives

of the saints that Henri Ghéon has merited a place of real distinction in the modern Catholic revival. He is eminently capable of doing this, for by nature he is a dreamer, a lover of man, and a mystic. He himself has said that his mission is to bring back the saints to the modern world. His great desire seems to be that others understand what he has come to know. He belongs to that group of modern European converts to Catholicism, who, highly appreciative of their newly found Faith, are eager to convince the world of its truth.

Henri Ghéon was born at Bray-sur-Seine, in the department of

Seine et Marne in 1875. His mother was a fervent Catholic but his father was an agnostic. It was the example of his father, rather than that of his beautiful mother that weighed with Henri. Of course, the Catholic atmosphere of his home must have had a certain influence in his youth, for in his autobiography, *L'Homme Né de la Guerre*, with its sub-title, *Témoignage d'un Converti*, he states that his belief had been destroyed by the atheism of the Lycée and the devitalized instruction of his Catholic tutors. But, notwithstanding his lack of faith, he never lost the feeling of beauty that mysticism inspired. Even as a child, High Mass was "le luxe de chaque semaine." As a young man, it was the beauty of Italian art, especially that of Giotto and Fra Angelico, which captivated him.

IN THE history of the literary world of France, from 1895, there was a very marked trend against naturalism and realism throughout all classes. The Catholic movement had begun with the conversion of Coppée and Huysmans, but this reaction left M. Ghéon untouched. He read and admired Claudel, Péguy, Jammes, but these had apparently no influence upon him. The war came. Ghéon like many others went to the help of his country. André Gide, one of his most intimate friends, was very anxious to have him meet Captain Pierre Dupouey, a Lieutenant of the Marines. The former felt that because of a mutual love of literature and art, they



Henri Ghéon



would discover in each other a mutual understanding. The opportunity for this meeting came on January 27, 1915. Ghéon was brought face to face with a cultured Catholic gentleman—a man of assurance and decision, as he himself tells us—who scorned death, who spoke enthusiastically of Claudel, and who believed that France was experiencing a Catholic literary revival.

Friendship ripened quickly in those days when life was so brief. On Holy Saturday of that year Captain Dupouey was killed by the explosion of a shell. His death was the key which unlocked M. Ghéon's spiritual future. When Chateaubriand received the news of his mother's death he cried out hysterically, "*Je crois.*" The same may be said of Ghéon. He went to the grave of the Captain in the Belgian cemetery and there knelt and prayed. He then visited the cantonment of the young marines. There he met the chaplain who told the secret of Captain Dupouey's splendid character, his nearness to God. Seldom had Dupouey spoken of pety, for he was a living example of it. He was a born leader of men, not through reprimands but through love of their souls. That something which is practically indefinable came from his love of God and his intimacy with Him. It was from the chaplain's lips that Ghéon learned the secret of his friend's happiness.

**T**IME went on. The question of the immortality of the soul came before his mind. Could such souls as those of his mother, who had been killed in an accident the year before, or that of Captain Dupouey, who trusted so implicitly in the promises of Christ, cease to exist? The certainty of immortality became assured. In his *Témoignage* he says: "I have known a saint; I now mourn a saint. Everything can be explained through holiness: the prestige of Dupouey, my strange sorrow over his death, my intimate certitude of his glory, all my anxieties of yesterday and all my joy of today. I can understand all now. I have the unique key."

Then there came the long struggle for faith. Madame Dupouey helped him through the loan of her husband's notebooks. He who up to now had read all sorts of books except the Bible, he who had followed all sorts of philosophical systems, was now willing to read the New Testament, the *Imitation of Christ* and any books which Dupouey mentioned in his notes. Ghéon was now willing to look into Catholicism to try to find that serene and interior peace

which he had seen in his friend. Ten months later, at Christmas of 1915, the vagrant of twenty years—the one who "had lived on earth without God, and without the need of God"—allowed the grace of God to flow into his soul.

**U**NTIL the time of his conversion, Ghéon had led a carefree life from day to day. Art had been more or less the motivating force of his life. He says "In the cult of art, we try to escape the world." His philosophy had been colored by the reading of Descartes, Kant, and Spinoza. In the poetry which he had published previous to 1916, one never finds a reference to the attributes of the Creator. As a matter of fact he hardly ever mentioned the name of God. But the grace of God had now touched his soul. Still in the trenches, he sought out the occasion for doing good. Like Newman, he realized that while persons can only influence us, deeds inflame us. It was war time. Opportunities for doing good were plentiful. Ghéon saw his comrades fall bravely and gloriously. The thought came to him, why not help them to live more gloriously?

Eager to bring back to his companions in arms the Catholic Faith, Ghéon determined to create a theatre of saints. He would dramatize the lives of the chosen ones of God, that their thoughts and their deeds might again be enshrined in the hearts of men. He conceived the idea of reviving the miracle play, by means of which he would re-create the religious fervor of the Middle Ages. He says: "If God has taken his saints from among men, and not from among the heavenly spirits, is it not because He wishes us to learn from human examples? Did He not come himself in person, under the appearance of a man, to teach us the way and the truth?"

Ghéon dreamt of a theatre in every parish. Hence he decided to build up a repertoire of ancient and modern plays, all of which would have a true Christian spirit. These plays were to be presented on great liturgical feast days by a company made up of actors and amateurs. Through these performances he hoped not only to increase devotion among Catholics, but to influence the general public. Meanwhile the actors themselves would benefit spiritually through their portrayal of saintly rôles. His first plays met with little success. Today his plays are acclaimed everywhere.

Although a medievalist at heart, he is writing his plays for the audience of today. He uses every variety

of approach—tragedy, farce, comedy, poetic fantasy. His characters such as Genesisus, Bernard and Francis are highly psychological. The predominant note that runs through all his plays and finds its counterpart in his very nature is joy. The early days of Christianity as well as the history of his own country provide M. Ghéon with material for his theatre of saints.

In his miracle plays he does not seek to hold up a full-sized portrait of a saint. On the contrary, he seizes those moments of white heat in which the poor, frail humanity attains to sainthood. His influence has been very strong, much more than he ever expected himself. We are not able to know the good which he has brought about in the life of the individual. We can safely say that he has created a strong desire in the heart of France for this Theatre of Saints and for the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages. To such an extent has this movement grown during the past four years that Paris has witnessed the revival of the Miracle of Ruteboeuf, played by a group of amateurs from the Sorbonne and also the Passion Play.

**I**F GHÉON had done nothing but to show the human element in the lives of the saints through his theatre, we could say that he had accomplished much. But Ghéon is a tireless worker. He sought new means to reach his end. He wanted to reach all people of all classes. He had found in his regained faith an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration, one that was greater than the Pleiade of old. He had used the theatre to bring forth his conception of Catholicism. Was there another form at his disposal through which he could expound his concept of life? His Theatre of Saints had acquainted him with the intimate life of the saints of the Middle Ages. Could it not be possible to bring out the biography of recently canonized individuals?

Henri Ghéon emphasizes, in all his works, the great power of the human will. A person of strong will knows what he wants and gets it. The Little Flower had said "I will be a saint." Ghéon felt that it was his duty to proclaim to the world that the secret of the Saint of Lisieux did not lie in sentimentality but in her strong will, that God had not made her a saint but that her holiness was the outcome of her co-operation with the grace of God, that she was a human being whose temptations were numerous. The trials of all men, saints and sinners, arise from a number of sources:

## SIGN

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their own passions, the devil, the world, special trials from God, trials of unbelief or mistrust on the part of one's neighbor, jealousy etc. To combat these trials men have their own will power and the assistance of God's grace.

Some of the biographers of the Little Flower would have us believe that God had her so predestined that she simply walked along blind-folded. Ghéon on the contrary shows us that her path was a difficult one. In her youth she realized that she was made to know, to love and serve God in this world. She was fully aware that certain goods of this world were legitimate and that others were forbidden her. She struggled constantly to avoid the latter. Her holiness was attained by hard fighting. Ghéon also points out that her perfection consisted in doing well any task assigned her. He makes us feel that there is within us the power to become saints if only we co-operate with the grace of God. One of the salient points of his *Secret of the Little Flower* is the realization that life is not made up of big things as the deceiving movies would have us believe, but rather of small things which, if done well, will lead us closer to our Maker.

**A**MONG the men who combatted the devil with energy and strength we have the Curé d'Ars, whose biography Ghéon has written. Because of his great work for the salvation of souls, this humble priest was frequently persecuted by the devil. The evil spirit himself, speaking through a possessed person declared openly, "If there were three like you (addressing himself to the Curé) on earth, my kingdom would be destroyed." It was to his interest to deter the Curé from his work and he certainly did his best. But he could do nothing with a man of such an indomitable will. Ghéon makes us see the Curé of Ars. This biography brings to the mind the full realization of the real existence of the devil.

There have been numerous biographies on the Saint of Ars, but none can compare with the *Secret of the Curé of Ars*. Jean Vianney was a simple priest, a man who did great things because of his will power. Ghéon creates within his reader a desire for perfection. Created free to serve God or not, as he chooses, man acts most wisely when he elects to be conformed to the will of his Master. If he takes the path of his passions and concupiscence he brings himself inevitably to eternal destruction. But if he uses his God-given gift of free

will to serve his Creator, he becomes free with the freedom of the children of God. This lesson we learned at our mother's knees, we heard it in our catechism classes, we listened to it from the pulpit. Yet, it is a lesson often forgotten. Ghéon expounds it in a forceful manner, through the example of men and women whom our grandparents knew. He does not moralize, he does not become sentimental. He merely presents the facts and because of his strong introspective psychological power he analyzes them according to the light of reason and of faith.

**R**ECENTLY, Pius XI canonized John Bosco. Who could be more competent to describe the life of the founder of the Salesians than Ghéon? To our author, this saint makes the same kind of appeal as the Curé d'Ars. The resulting portrait is an unforgettable one. In his epilogue he states "I have finished, but I feel I have not fulfilled my design of making men love him as he deserves to be loved, of making him live again as he was in life." The humility of our author is indeed noticeable, for truly he gives in his book a marvelous picture of the Saint as a Curé, as a founder of his order, and as a human being.

If he had just done this and nothing more, we could say that his *Secret of Don Bosco* was a success; but Ghéon goes a step further; he creates "one more personality." He shows conclusively that human love is void, that the love for Christ was so strong in the heart of Don Bosco that it overflowed in all of his surroundings. The hidden cloistered woman of Lisieux, the simple parish priest of Ars, the charitable man of Chieri, presented totally different problems. Ghéon shows that, but the secret of their holiness lay in their co-operation with the grace of God. All three of them felt perfectly at ease with the supernatural. For them God was not a Being living far off from the world, He was within their reach, He was their inspiration.

In his *Bernadette devant Marie*, Ghéon shows that the little girl, a strong character, was able to overcome the scepticism of all. This was possible because she did her duty unflinchingly. In the person of Saint Bernard, as brought out by Ghéon in *The Marvelous History of St. Bernard*, we have another tower of strength against which the buffeting of the evil spirit broke in vain. The author shows us Saint Bernard resisting the evil spirits and putting them to flight.

Closely allied to the search after

truth is the grace of conversion. Conversion is merely the grace and light to see the truth and the strength to accept it. It is God revealing the eternal verities to the soul. But it is within the power of man to reject this grace. Génésius, the hero of Ghéon's, *The Comedian*, used his will to co-operate with the grace of God. As a pagan he finds reality empty and cold, so he tries to escape from life by acting the lives of others on the stage. His interpretations are so true to life that he is acclaimed the best actor in the Roman Empire by Diocletian.

But one day Diocletian, seeking some novelty, asks him to play the leading part of a play dealing with Christians. He tries to rehearse his part but with little success. Finally he is forced to confess: "I was the soldier of sin, the soldier of nothingness, the soldier of vanity and emptiness. . . . But today God has come with the sound of flute and harp and cymbal and He has filled me with silence so that He may be heard. Harken all of you for here are the great tidings." In this play, as in all his biographies, Ghéon brings out the fact that one must live Catholicism. It is useless for a man to try to give that which he does not possess. Would that many might hearken to his words.

Christianity gives strength to the spirit to endure the sufferings of this world. But the body must also be driven to its duty. It often revolts and breaks down under the burden placed upon it by the ardent spirit which is burning to serve God. M. Vianney certainly forced his body to the utmost limits of endurance during his lifetime, yet he lived to be an old man. He was determined to do good for God and he wanted to do it as long as the Lord allowed him. It takes years of growth to reach that heroic zeal.

**N**ATURALLY, not every one is called to such a sublime state, yet each can attain to a oneness with God. This does not, however, make the detachment entirely without effort. Man keeps his human heart until death and it never ceases to yearn for satisfaction. Yet as Ghéon points out in his plays as well as in his biographies, the soul can reach perfection. Created to serve God, man acts most wisely when he elects to be conformed to the will of his Master. If he takes the path of the passions he brings himself to unhappiness. But if he uses his God-given gift of free will to serve his Creator, the result is that he becomes free with the freedom of the children of God.



# Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

## SOME MODERN VIEWS OF RELIGION

• IN a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Stanley High, who is certainly one of the most reasonable, sensible and sincere of present day Protestants, has an article entitled, "Why I Go to Church." He says in the beginning that no doubt it is partly habit; he went as a child and boy, and so he still goes. But he realizes that there must be much more to it than that, and says tentatively that it is perhaps that at church one gets a perspective of a different sort than one gets during the week: what a man hears there is so different from what is considered important in the life of the week-day. And then he makes a statement as to the deepest reason and gives himself dead away, and in a single sentence gives the reason for much of the decay of Protestantism that some of its best minds are so deploring today. "I go to church for the same reason that I go to the theatre—because I get something out of it."

There it is, clear and plain. "To get something out of it." Could he have spoken more damningly of what the ordinary Protestant wants of a church: to get something out of it? Yet surely the purpose of the Christian religion—the real faith of Christ as he gave it, as the faith of his Father—is not what you can get out of religion but what you put into it. Worship is the word they all use even today, yet that implies only what you put in, not for a moment wondering what there will be in it for you. You don't bargain for Heaven—you don't need to—"It's only Heaven is free for the asking."

Lately in the *American Magazine* there were listed, put together from the opinions of people who used to go to church and who go no more, what was wrong with the whole Protestant set-up: it used to be a center of charity—the church, that is, and now all that sort of thing can be taken care of by secular funds; it used to heal and offer miraculous cures and now doctors do all the healing there is; once it exorcised demons from men and now that is done by gland specialists and psychiatrists; it used to be the founder of colleges and took the lead in education, and now all education is non-sectarian or done by books, newsstands, radio, and so on; great art and music are secular now and have little to do with organized religion.

These answers came, not from pagans, but from people who said they believed in God, in prayer, but not in churches any more. All these statements are in a way true of course, but why don't any of them also mention the fact that round the corner or up the street there is a Church that is placidly carrying out all these things that seem to have slipped from Protestantism? The Catholic Church still believes in charity as a basic part of its faith; any Protestant can read about Lourdes or Lisieux, and even exorcism is still put to work occasionally. The confessional plays its part in treating sick minds too. It is still the educator, and the only reason it is not stronger in this field is because many of its older universities were stolen and because present money is lacking: wealthy Catholics do not give as much money

as do wealthy Protestants to establish great colleges. The old music of the Church and its art are still as living and vital as ever. It is the heart of man that no longer yearns to produce it to worship God. The old cathedrals were built to glorify God, not to show off man—not primarily to be the tombs of kings or to praise even the greatest of sculptors and painters, but to honor God.

## JUNIOR STRIKERS

• THIS being the month when the young of the country are tramping back to school in cohorts, let us devote a few paragraphs to matters about them, culled from various sources. First there is the kindergarten strike in Delaware. Saint Anthony's kindergarten in Wilmington has a hundred and fifty children in its summer sessions class. They struck, all of them, and suddenly, for longer hours! I should like to see Mr. Lewis' eyebrows beetling at that announcement. They were allowed to stay only three hours a day and they liked being there so much better than playing at home. The seven year old spokesman was one of what used to be known as the weaker sex. After the whole group had brought its lunches on two days, trying to sit it out until they got their hearts' desire, they were sent home by their teacher. They went, but not home. Instead they adopted bolder tactics; they picketed the rectory, until the rector came out and met their spokeswoman. Then he took them all out in a big bus to a park, they all had cones, and it was agreed that they could stay eight hours twice a week.

Notice the excellent basis of all this: agree with your adversary first, and feed him. Then get down to settlements. There is more than a hint in this for grownups.

## SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MINISTER

• IN ILLINOIS a seven year old boy has just been ordained a minister of the church and it is announced that he is the "youngest ordained minister in the world." I sincerely hope there is none to dispute the title. Out of the mouths of babes is a phrase we often hear, but surely it was never meant to stretch to such lengths as this. Charles is going to tour the country (perhaps the Children's Society will stop it) with his nurse and tutor, and conduct evangelical meetings. To what depths has evangelical Christianity gone when it makes use of a baby to preach its sermons, to be used as advertising to bring in the crowds? The grown-ups' advertising is often grotesque, as when a rector has pagan dances in front of his church's altar, or when another preaches surrounded by cakes of ice to prove something or other. No doubt somewhere someone has preached with a snake in one hand and an apple in the other. But all such tricks are performed by grown-up people. It is a shame to use a little child for such purposes, and I myself would like to be near at hand with a nice mill stone in my hand to show it to these so-called Christians as a warning.



# THE SIGN-POST

## QUESTIONS \* ANSWERS \* LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

### Protestantism in Spain: Catholic Population and Churches in Quebec

(1) In an article in "The Times" of June 25th, Lord Tweedsmuir said: "A year ago we rejoiced in a door newly opened for the Gospel there (Spain) and in liberty of conscience achieved at last in a land long closed to Protestantism. Should the Socialist government hold its ground, there is reason to hope that its tolerance of evangelical religion at least will continue." What is the meaning of this? How many Protestants were there in Spain before the outbreak of the Civil War? (2) What is the Catholic population of the Province of Quebec? Driving from Montreal to Quebec one is struck by the number of large churches and the smallness of the villages and towns containing them. Why such large churches when there seem to be so few people to support them?—NEW JERSEY.

(1) Protestantism has never made any headway in Spain. Spain is the one country in continental Europe which effectively stopped the progress of the so-called Reformation. On account of this Spain has been regarded with a particular antipathy in Protestant tradition. This attitude still colors the views of many non-Catholics in regard to the present Civil War. Spaniards will have none of the Protestant brand of "liberty of conscience," which in effect means "private judgment" as the norm of truth in matters of faith and morals, instead of the infallible teaching authority of the Church instituted by Christ. Of this Church Jesus said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." Nevertheless, freedom of worship was allowed in Spain before the outbreak of the Civil War. The number of Protestants, Jews and others at that time was about 35,000—an insignificant percentage when compared to the Catholic population of about 22,000,000.

The good Lord Tweedsmuir's ground for hope of greater "liberty of conscience" under a Socialist government seems to us very slim, indeed. Socialism in Spain is mixed up with Anarchism and Communism, both of which are determined to suppress all religions, as witness Soviet Russia. Socialists may make generous promises during the course of the war, in order to win sympathy and material assistance, but bitter experience as well as the knowledge of their ideologies convince us that they will never be kept. It is significant, though, that when all the Catholic churches were destroyed or rendered unfit for use in Madrid, and the offering of divine worship was forbidden under pain of death, the Protestant church was unharmed and

allowed to continue public services. This was the peculiar kind of "liberty of conscience" enjoyed in Madrid. Much was made of it by emissaries of evangelical societies as proof that the Madrid government was not anti-God.

General Franco, in his reply to Roy Howard, publisher of The New York World-Telegram, February 2, 1937, promised that in the new Spain which will arise after the present war, there will be liberty of worship for all citizens. The Catholic Church will undoubtedly enjoy a privileged position, but other religions will be allowed. The General said, "against ceaseless persecution by the Communists of Spain we stand for freedom of conscience and respect for religion in that comprehensive spirit which permitted mosques and synagogues to remain open under the State."

(2) According to *The Official Catholic Directory*, (1937), the Catholic population of the Archdiocese of Quebec is 498,870. The Archdiocese covers a very wide area—about twelve counties—and most of it is country. We have never visited Quebec, but we hazard the guess that when the churches were planned the needs of the faithful were considered, and hence that churches large enough to accommodate them for the performance of divine worship on Sundays and Holydays were built. When driving casually through the country one does not necessarily always form a correct idea of the number of people who will flock to church when the time comes. It may be, too, that in some districts the people have migrated in large numbers to other parts. If so, the parish church, naturally, could not go along.

### Nature of Christian Science

*What is Christian Science; its advantages (if any) and disadvantages? Should a Catholic indulge in it?*  
—T. D. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Christian Science is a form of divine worship and a system of "faith healing" which is attributed to one Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy. The peculiar feature about it is that it is neither Christian nor scientific. Rather, it is a direct affront to both Christianity and science.

It would be a waste of paper and print to attempt to put into a convenient form the content of Mrs. Eddy's views on Christianity and Science, but the following from her book, *Retrospection*, pp. 29-30, will give you a rough idea:

"The Bible was my textbook. It answered my question as to how I was healed; but the Scriptures had to me a

new meaning, a new tongue. Their spiritual significance appeared; and I apprehended for the first time in their spiritual meaning Jesus' teaching and demonstration, and the Principle and rule of spiritual science and Metaphysical Healing—in a word, Christian Science.

"I named it Christian because it is compassionate, helpful and spiritual. God I called Immortal Mind. That which sins, suffers and dies I named Mortal Mind. The physical senses, or sensuous nature, I called error and shadow. Soul I denominated Substance, because soul alone is truly substantial. God I characterized as individual entity, but His corporeality I denied. The Real I claimed as eternal; and its antipodes, or the temporal, I described as unreal. Spirit I called the Reality; and Matter, the Unreality."

There are oodles of stuff like the above in her other writings. It is difficult to control one's temper when referring to them. Snowden in his *Truth About Christian Science* makes the apt reflection that "reading the book [*Science and Health*] is like listening to a player on a violin who keeps sawing away on one string and making few variations on that. One really has to maintain a firm grip on his attention to keep from falling into a stupor while perusing these monotonous pages."

Mark Twain in his *Christian Science* was more severe in his criticism. Though he was much given to exaggeration, in this passage he appears to us to be quite conservative. He wrote: "Of all the strange and frantic and incomprehensible and uninterpretable books which the imagination of man has created, surely this one [*Science and Health*] is the prize sample. It is written with a limitless confidence and complacency, and with a dash and stir and earnestness which often compel eloquence, even when the words do not seem to have any traceable meaning."

Just as a sample of the nonsense in the above book, take the following application of her "doctrine." Nothing is real except spirit, according to Mrs. Eddy. Therefore matter is unreal. Therefore when you have an inflamed appendix which the physician orders removed by surgery at once, according to Christian Science you really have no appendix, and consequently no inflamed appendix, for matter is "unreality." The cure of Christian Science is to change the "mortal mind," that is your intelligence and common sense, and convince yourself that your inflamed appendix is an illusion, "error and shadow." Need any more be said?

There are many good pamphlets and books on this subject written by Catholics. Father Searle's *Truth About Christian Science* and Father Bellwald's *Christian Science and the Catholic Faith* are to be recommended.

#### Annulment of Marconi-O'Brien Marriage

*The death of Signor Marconi has aroused a discussion of the annulment by the Catholic Church of his marriage with Miss Beatrice O'Brien. Non-Catholics regard an annulment as a loophole established by the Church, in order to permit those she favors to marry again. In order to have correct information, will you please tell me the background of both parties to this marriage and the reason why the Church declared their marriage null. Does the Church regard the children of this marriage as illegitimate?—M. H., PHILMONT, N. Y.; L. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.; J. R. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.*

The information presented here is taken from the official account of the Sacred Roman Rota in its declaration of nullity regarding the marriage between Guglielmo Marconi and Lady Beatrice O'Brien, which was published in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* (1927, p. 217 et seq.).

Signor Marconi was born in Italy of an Italian father and an English Protestant mother. Though he was baptized in the Catholic Church he was educated by his mother as a Protestant and was an Anglican at the time of his marriage. Miss O'Brien was an English Protestant. The marriage between them took place before a Protestant minister in London in 1905.

Miss O'Brien's mother did not favor the marriage. She did not think that her daughter loved Marconi enough to marry him and especially to live happily with him for the rest of her life. The fact that Marconi was half Italian and baptized a Catholic had something to do with this attitude. Miss O'Brien's mother refused to give her consent to the marriage unless their union could be terminated by divorce in case it turned out unhappily. Marconi and Miss O'Brien entered into an express agreement that they would marry only under this condition.

Their married life was "neither continuous nor always in the harmony becoming husband and wife." In 1924 Marconi petitioned and secured a civil divorce because his wife was associating with another man. In the same year he also petitioned the diocesan court of Westminster for a declaration of nullity on the ground that the marriage between him and Miss O'Brien was null and void because the explicit condition of future divorce was contrary to the nature and substance of true marriage. His petition was decided in favor of nullity by this court, but the Defender of the Bond, required by law in every matrimonial court, appealed to the higher tribunal—the Roman Rota. The latter court, after hearing evidence from both sides, upheld the decision of the court of Westminster. It was proved to the satisfaction of both courts that the condition of future divorce was an actual and real condition, and not simply an erroneous belief that marriage is dissoluble, and that their consent was attached to this condition. Moreover, it was also proved that the parties had never during the course of their union revoked their first consent to such an invalid condition and renewed their consent to live together according to the natural and divine law of marriage. Acts which are invalid in the beginning do not become valid in the course of time, unless the conditions invalidating them are revoked and a new consent given.

*This IS Christian Marriage*, pp. 142-143, explains the matter thus: "Marriage as a contract means the free, deliberate and mutual agreement of a man and a woman to become irrevocably united for the procreation and education of children. This relationship is ruled by natural, divine and ecclesiastical laws, and not by the wills of the parties themselves. They are free to marry, but once validly married they become subject to the laws of marriage. Now, the two essential properties of every true marriage are unity and indissolubility; that is, the life-long union of one man and one woman to the exclusion of all others. No other kind of relationship can be validly entered into in the name of marriage. Therefore, if each party to a marriage, or only one party, attempts to enter the marriage contract with the real and actual intention of contracting a union which can be dissolved by complete divorce (*a vinculo*), with the right to marry again, or with the intention of having other partners as consorts while united to the first one, they do not enter into the contract of marriage. The first intention is contrary to indissolubility; the second is contrary to unity." The first intention, that is, to enter into a dissoluble marriage, was proved to exist in the Marconi-O'Brien case, and the Church courts declared that no true marriage was entered into. The explicit condition was contrary to the substance of marriage and therefore invalidated it.

The status of the children (there were three children of this marriage) is often used as an argument against the practice of the Church of declaring marriages submitted to her courts invalid. This is an instance of sentiment displacing reason. The question which the Church determines, after her authority has been invoked, is whether the marriage is valid or invalid. This is her proper office in regard to the marriages of the baptized. But the law of the Church with regard to legitimacy is very reasonable, more so than most civil laws. She regards as legitimate the children of those marriages which are called "putative," that is those which have the appearance of true marriages and in which one party at least is in good faith as to the validity of the marriage.

Perhaps it is too much to hope that all non-Catholics will understand that the Catholic Church has divine authority to judge the matrimonial contracts of the baptized because Christ committed the Sacraments to her jurisdiction. In answer to the charge that the Church's declaration of nullity are "loopholes to permit her favorites to marry again," we quote again from *This IS Christian Marriage*, pp. 153-154: "The criticism levelled at the declarations of nullity made by the Roman Rota is based generally upon a misunderstanding of the nature of the question. The matrimonial trial is not an attempt to dissolve the bond of a true and valid marriage, but an investigation into the alleged marriage in order to discover whether there was ever a true and valid marriage entered into. The question proposed to the Rota is simply this: 'Is it clear that the marriage is null?' If it is clear that the conditions of the natural, divine and ecclesiastical laws were not observed, the Rota decides in favor of nullity. All fair-minded persons must acknowledge that it is humanly impossible to obtain a more honest and searching investigation of matrimonial cases than that exercised in matrimonial courts of the Church, especially the Roman Rota. Two points are kept clearly and constantly in view—the Christian law of marriage, especially its indissolubility, and the liberty of human agents. When it is established that some essential of the matrimonial contract was lacking, it is declared that a true and valid marriage never existed, and thus human liberty is safeguarded."

### Children's Crusade

Please note the enclosed clipping of Ripley's "Believe It or Not" feature concerning the Children's Crusade. He claims that in "the Thirteenth Century 95,000 little children (all under the age of 12) were organized into a Christian army which set out to free the Holy Land from the infidels. The pitiful army of little ones was totally unprepared. They carried no arms, only crosses and banners. 40,000 of them died crossing the Alps; 45,000 were sold as slaves in Africa." What are the facts in the case? I do not have much faith in Ripley's knowledge of Catholic history.—W. J. R., MAYWOOD, MO.

Among the many efforts among Christians to recover the Holy Land from the infidels, the Children's Crusade is one of the saddest and most fruitless. The fervor which spread throughout Christendom with regard to this project sometimes led to excess. The Children's Crusade is an example of this. Ripley, however, follows his usual custom and exaggerates. Your lack of confidence in him, especially with regard to Catholic History, is well founded. Even he, remember, allows you the privilege of dissent: "Believe it or not!"

According to *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. IV, p. 550, "In 1212 a young shepherd of Vendôme and a

youth from Cologne gathered thousands of children whom they proposed to lead to the conquest of Palestine. The movement spread through France and Italy. The Children's Crusade at length reached Brindisi (Italy), where merchants sold a number of the children as slaves to the Moors, while nearly all the rest died of hunger and exhaustion." The number usually given is about 50,000. One authority implies that twelve was the minimum age.

### Double Ceremony in Mixed Marriage Gravely Forbidden: Protestant Bridesmaid

(1) If a Catholic, wishing to marry a non-Catholic, plans first to be married by a priest, and then by a minister, to please the parents of the non-Catholic, is a sin committed by the Catholic? Would a priest consent to marry them, if he knew of their intention?  
(2) May a Protestant act as bridesmaid at a mixed marriage?—A. C. B., SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.

(1) This plan is gravely unlawful and explicitly forbidden by the Canon Law of the Church, for which grave penalties are inflicted, as was pointed out in the September issue, page 111.

(2) "Non-Catholics are not allowed to act in this capacity (that is, official witnesses). Yet if there be a serious reason which would meet with the approval of the Ordinary, to whom the matter should be brought, they may be tolerated. (Sacred Congregation of Holy Office, August 19, 1891)."—*This IS Christian Marriage*, p. 80). The above decree demands that the toleration of a non-Catholic witness (bridesmaid—best man) must not give scandal.

### Why Is St. Peter's Hand Bound?

Will you please explain why the left hand of St. Peter in the picture of St. Peter's Chair is bound?

In the picture of St. Peter's Chair in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, page 747, the left hand of the Saint appears to be held in a fold of his dress, after the manner of a sling. The picture represents the bronze statue in St. Peter's Church in Rome. Why the left hand should be held in this manner is unknown to us. The division of the article in the above source, which treats of "St. Peter in Art," does not explain. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to shed some light on the question.

### Did St. Paul Ever See the Blessed Virgin?

I thank you for printing the answer to my question concerning St. Paul's conversion in *The Sign-Post* for August. I often wondered if St. Paul ever saw the Blessed Virgin Mary. I once heard a sermon in which the priest said that the Blessed Virgin died about eleven years after the death of our Lord. This would seem to indicate that it is probable that St. Paul arrived in Jerusalem before the death of the Blessed Virgin.—D. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

According to Father George Smith, D. D., Ph. D., writing in *Our Blessed Lady*, the Catholic Summer School Lectures held at Cambridge, England, in 1933, the time and place of the death of Mary, the Mother of God, are uncertain. One current tradition places the event in Ephesus because of the reference made in the synodal letter of the Council of Ephesus, to "the holy Virgin Mother of God," who is associated in a special way with



that city. Others place her death at Jerusalem, though the sources of this opinion are not free from suspicion. Likewise with regard to the date of her death, nothing can be stated with certainty, though the probabilities seem to favor some year between 50 and 60, A. D. Mary was thus between seventy and eighty years old at the time of her death. If these surmises are correct, St. Paul may have seen the Blessed Virgin and even have conversed familiarly with her. But we don't really know.

### Mass in Black for Dead

*During the past two months I have had Masses said weekly for my deceased father, but very few times has the priest worn black vestments. I would like to know why all these Masses are not said in black vestments?—*  
R. S., CORONA, N. Y.

The rubrics of the Mass determine the color of the vestments worn by the celebrant. Some Masses for the dead enjoy a special privilege, as the funeral Mass, the anniversary Mass, and Masses celebrated on the third, seventh and thirtieth day after death. On such days the rubrics allow Mass for the dead to be said in black vestments, provided some feast does not forbid. Masses for the dead which are not included in the above list, called in the rubrics *quotidianae*, are usually allowed only when there is no feast of double rite on the calendar. Hence, if a Mass (*quotidiana*) for the dead is offered on a day which is a double, the Mass must be said in the color of the day. The necessity of wearing vestments other than black does not, of course, affect the intention for which the Mass is celebrated. If the donor of the stipend wishes requiem Masses to be offered in black vestments, he should arrange with the priest about that point.

### Catholic and Protestant Bibles

*An article on the Vulgate in "The Christian Science Journal" says: "The Vulgate in its present form also contains books which are known to Protestants as the Apocrypha. This term, commonly applied to books of doubtful inspiration or authority, is far from being a modern one, for it was used by Jerome himself in his original Preface to the Vulgate, where he lists the very books now found in the Authorized or King James Version of the Old Testament, adding that 'whatsoever is beyond these is to be placed among the Apocrypha'; and that 'such apocryphal books are not in the canon.'"* According to the article, Jerome translated from Old Latin texts and no mention is made of the Greek Bible, which "The Question Box" says contained all the books which we have today in our Catholic Bibles, and was the Bible used by the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries. Were Pope Damasus and his secretary, Jerome, at odds regarding apocryphal books?—F. W., NEWARK, N. J.

Before answering this question it is necessary to clarify terms. Canon—a Greek word—in its original meaning designated a measuring rod. In its wider sense it meant a rule or norm, as the canon of art, the canon of Scripture. The canon of Scripture means the list or catalogue of sacred and inspired books. A canonical book is, therefore, a book admitted into the canon of Holy Scripture.

The canon of Holy Scripture is a matter which is shrouded in much obscurity. Generally, there are supposed to be two canons; that of the Jews of Palestine and that of the Jews of Alexandria. The sacred books

belonging to the first canon are called protocanonical and those of the second canon are called deuterocanonical; *proto* and *deutero* being Greek for first and second.

The second or Alexandrian Canon contains several books which are not (now) found in the Palestinian Canon. These are—Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Machabees (1-11), Baruch, and portions of the books of Daniel and Esther. It is not certain, however, that the Jews of Palestine *never* considered that these books were canonical. There is good reason to believe that the Palestinian Canon contained all the books of the Alexandrian Canon, but that in the first century after Christ they were dropped from the former canon by the Jews of Palestine, under pressure from the Phariseism of the time. The Jews of Alexandria received their sacred books from the Jews of Palestine and also their belief in their sacred character. It seems probable, therefore, that the deuterocanonical books, as well as the protocanonical books were in both canons at one time. It is pertinent to add that those who held to the belief in the sacred character of the deuterocanonical books in Alexandria were as much Jews as those of Palestine.

Protestants, however, generally hold that the deuterocanonical books above mentioned were not held as sacred and inspired by the Jews of Palestine and for that reason reject them. The version of the Old Testament compiled by the Jews of Alexandria is called the Septuagint because it was commonly believed that the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek by seventy translators in the period 280-130, B. C. This was done in order to accommodate the many Jews who lived in Alexandria and other Greek colonies, who could not read Hebrew. This was providential, for it provided the Scriptures in a medium which could be understood by the Gentiles, and thus aided in the spread of Christianity.

The Septuagint Version of the Old Testament is the version which Our Lord and His Apostles are believed to have used. This point cannot be directly proved, but there appears to be a Septuagint tinge to most of their quotations, which can be appreciated in the originals.

Protestants call the deuterocanonical books (that is the seven books numerated above) "Apocrypha." Apocrypha literally means "hidden or secret." Catholics use the term to designate *spurious* religious literature claiming to be inspired, but Protestants employ it to specify *doubtful canonical* books. This adds, of course, to the confusion of terms.

The norm of selection followed by Protestants was invented by Luther, who among other things set himself up as arbiter of what were and were not sacred and inspired writings. What he didn't like were rejected. The Established Church of England, following Luther, in Article Six of the Thirty-Nine Articles, regards only those books to be canonical which have never been doubted as inspired by the Church. This principle of selection is, however, an arbitrary one. Certainly it cannot be proved by recourse to the Bible, for the Bible nowhere indicates the list of inspired books; and even though it did, it could not testify for itself. No book can be its own witness. Besides the Bible is really a collection or *library* of books.

Protestants confuse inspiration with canonicity. True, a book must be inspired before it can be regarded as canonical. Canonizing, or placing a book in the canon, does not make it inspired; it merely declares the book to be so. It is possible for a book or several books to be regarded with some doubt or hesitation before it or they are declared canonical. The state of doubt, however, is no reason to hold that the doubt can never be solved. The very state of doubt logically implies that

either one of two propositions may be the true one. There was, indeed, some doubt or hesitation among some of the Fathers of the early Church concerning the *canonicity* of the books called deuterocanonical, but these doubts were solved by the Teaching Church. The Teaching Church is the authority to decide what is and what is not inspired and true Scripture. This authority cannot be claimed by the most learned Scripture scholar, even St. Jerome.

The doubts and hesitations of some of the Church Fathers concerning the deuterocanonical books must not be considered as reflecting the general attitude and practice of the Christian Church of the early centuries, both east and west. They were rather exceptions to the general rule. In 383, A. D., a council under Pope Damasus drew up a list of the inspired books which included both the proto- and the deuterocanonical books. The Councils of Hippo (393) third of Carthage (397), and of Rome (493), also pronounced the same list as inspired and to be read in the churches as proof of doctrine. Pope Eugenius IV witnessed to the authentic voice of Christendom when he declared the same list of books inspired at the Council of Florence (1438). Finally, the Council of Trent (1545-1563) definitely settled the matter for all time, when it declared that the list of books given by the several Popes and Councils previously were not only sacred and inspired, but also declared them to be in the *canon* of Holy Scripture.

It is significant that the Oriental Churches received the deuterocanonical books as the Latin Church did. It was not until they came in contact with Protestantism that they showed any hesitation about them.

Protestants are not only arbitrary in their principle of selection, but also inconsistent. The canonicity of several of the New Testament books were also called into doubt at one time or another, yet they receive them all. Looking to the books themselves will never settle any controversy. Christ never intended that each one should decide for himself what is or is not inspired Scripture. He left the Church to decide that. Nor did the Church consider that she must rely on the Jews in this matter. She had the example of Christ and His Apostles as well as their traditions.

St. Jerome's attitude was due to his intimate association with the Jews of Palestine. But his doubts about the deuterocanonical books were centered on their canonicity rather than on their sacred character. When the Church declared them inspired he freely quoted from them for the proof of doctrine.

#### Duty of Parents and Pastor Regarding Easter Duty of Children

*Is the responsibility of parents for a child's performing the Easter Duty relieved when the pastor, without having examined the child, says that the child should wait until seven years of age and is instructed in the annual First Communion class? Does Canon Law modify the Decree "Quam Singulari"; and if so may the reasons for such modification be stated?—H. B. S., DETROIT, MICH.*

The law regarding the performance of the Easter Duty reads as follows: Every Catholic of either sex, who has reached the age of discretion, that is attained to the use of reason, must receive the Holy Eucharist once a year, at least during Easter time, unless his own priest should for a reasonable cause advise him to abstain for a time. (Canon 859, No. 1). In regard to children, they must be properly instructed and have the proper dispositions. The persons who are obliged to see that the child receives Holy Communion after having come to

the age of reason or discretion, which according to the Canon Law is about seven years, and who are to judge of his knowledge and dispositions are the confessor, the parents or guardians and the pastor. While there may be cases of precocious knowledge in children, ordinarily no action should be taken in this matter until a child has reached what is normally considered the age of discretion, that is, the seventh year. According to Father Augustine, O. S. B., *A Commentary on Canon Law*, Vol. IV, p. 227, "precocious children may have such a knowledge as well as desire of the Holy Eucharist and may therefore be admitted to Holy Communion. But no obligation to admit them before the seventh year can be read into the text, nor has such an obligation been established by the latest decrees." Though there are several parties concerned in this matter, the pastor is the judge in the last analysis.

#### Luther Sent by God to Reform Church?

*What is a clear Catholic answer to a Lutheran who claims that because of the condition of Christ's Church in the sixteenth century, Martin Luther was sent by God to reform the Church, and therefore the Lutheran Church of today is the Church of Christ?—R. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.*

The simplicity of this opinion is truly wonderful, after all that authentic history reveals. Besides being very bad history, it is also bad logic. Even though the Church of the sixteenth century needed reform—which is admitted by all honest historians—it does not follow that Luther was sent by God to reform it, nor that the Lutheran Church is the Church of Christ.

When God sends a true reformer, He sends one who institutes reforms within the unity of the Church, not one who rends the unity of Christendom by setting up a church of his own over against the ancient Church. True reformers, also, are men and women of prayer and virtue, chastity especially, like St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, and St. Teresa. They are characterized by a spirit of faith and obedience to both divine and ecclesiastical authority. They are humble, charitable, and honest in all their dealings. They also possess a higher common sense. They do not make the mistake of burning down the house in order to rid it of rats, or throwing out the baby with the bath.

Judged by Christ's standard—"by their fruits ye shall know them"—"what of Luther, the liberator, Luther who brought the Israel of God out of the bondage of Egypt—as Protestants are apt to believe and teach? Whither has Luther led his followers? Into what promised land, after years of wandering outside the Catholic unity, are now brought the Protestants who date their emancipation from Martin Luther? Four centuries of journeying since Luther started the exodus, and yet the promised land of the Lutheran evangel, so often emergent, fades from sight even as the mirage vanishes in the desert. It is the wasteland of doubt that Lutheran Protestants have reached—a wasteland littered with abandoned hopes and discarded creeds. First the papal authority was repudiated; then episcopacy and the priesthood given up; next the doctrine of the unity of the Christian Church abandoned; after that the Bible itself, on which all Protestants had once built their creeds and catechisms was, bit by bit, examined by Protestant professors in Lutheran universities, and in the most arbitrary fashion, with hypothesis proclaimed as scientific truth, declared to be for the most part of no historical value—New Testament and Old Testament alike." (*Luther and His Work*, Clayton.) Could a man who started all this possibly have been sent by God?

# Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

## RED SPAIN'S DELUDED YOUTH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

So many people have written to me about the story of Juan, and how they liked it, that I have come to the conclusion that the world is not quite hopeless. But every letter I receive from Spain is opened with bated breath, in case it should be a scorching epistle from Juan himself. He does not speak any English, however, so that is my only hope.

There is another painful, but glorious, side to the war, and I am sending you an account of the death of another boy I met there, very different from Juan, but just as Spanish. I never got to know what the boy's name was, but to me he is just the representative of thousands of poor boys led by renegade Spaniards, the worst breed on earth. Led by the right people, or merely left to himself, the boy would have been just like Juan. Please God, his comrades under the Reds will soon have those right leaders.

Thank God, owing to the heroism and devotion of the prison chaplains, ninety-eight per cent of the Red prisoners die in a state of grace, and they are the lucky ones. Their comrades at the front in Madrid and Valencia die without a priest, without hope. The two per cent who die with "Death to Christ! Death to Spain! Long live Russia!" on their lips are usually leaders. Once they are separated from the others the boys come to their senses and are only too glad to make a good confession. They give one great hopes for the future of Spain when Franco has won, because they are merely led astray and are good at heart. Even the appalling crimes they have committed were prompted more by suggestion than actual hate.

Sometimes, I am sorry to admit, I have felt that I could shoot their leaders in Valencia for the spiritual murders they have committed. When one speaks with those poor creatures, facing death with such calm resignation—and so often with such humility—and thinks of those self-satisfied pseudo-intellectuals and perverts who use them, it is very hard to see them in the light of human beings, brothers of Christ.

CO. MEATH, IRELAND.

AILEEN O'BRIEN.

*Editor's Note:* You will search far to find in gripping interest a tale equal to the true story by the above author, "Hall, Christ of the Forsaken!" It appears on page 141 of this number.

## ARTICLE ON ITALY REFRESHING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The refreshing article by Owen B. McGuire on "Italy's Place in the Sun" in the September issue of **THE SIGN** will, I am sure, have a favorable reaction among Catholic readers.

I was impressed by this statement from Father McGuire's pen: "The Italian people are satisfied with their government. They make no attempt to impose it on other peoples." It has always been a fundamental policy of the Italian government never to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries unless the rights of its own citizens are imperilled.

The fact that the Italian people bore the onus of sanctions imposed on them by the League of Nations during the Italo-Ethiopian conflict without dissension is a strong indication that they are satisfied with their present form of government.

Every Italian heart, as well as every American of Italian parentage, was warmed by Father McGuire's praise of Italian culture and its influence on civilization. I am sure that the prejudices against our race would be speedily eradicated if more enlightening articles such as Father McGuire's would issue from the public press.

WOODSIDE, N. Y.

DANIEL L. CAMMARANO.

## WE MUST WATCH EUROPE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I would like to express appreciation of the series of timely articles in **THE SIGN** on Catholic thought and action in Europe by the Baroness de Hueck, which, I believe, fill a long-felt want among Catholic readers. I am one of a small group of Catholic women interested in the study of sociology. We have greatly felt the need of such articles on Catholic Action in the different European countries.

The article appearing in the August number on the Jocist movement in Belgium we found intensely interesting, showing as it does so concisely a clear and deep insight into existing conditions. It must surely be an inspiration to many of your readers. May we express a hope that these articles be continued regularly? Conditions in Europe are changing so rapidly that we feel it is of special interest to be informed in such an able and comprehensive manner on existing thought and action.

We are looking forward eagerly to a continuance of the articles and wish you every success in your commendable work.

HAMILTON, CANADA.

MARY WARD.

## PROMPT NEWS IN A CATHOLIC DAILY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I be permitted to add a comment on the article "Spain Teaches Us" by Owen B. McGuire in the July issue? I certainly agree with him and with your correspondent, J. Kent Pierce, that a Catholic daily is not only necessary but very essential. As matters stand now, we must wait for a weekly Catholic paper whose space is too limited to deal with news covering a whole week, or we must wait for a monthly publication—and by that time, in many cases, the news is out of date.

This might be illustrated by two cases—the fall of Bilbao, which was treated as "very probable" in a monthly publication when the fall of this city had already taken place. Another case in point was the Irish elections. If we had a daily paper, misrepresentations in the secular press could be refuted immediately and Catholics would not be groping in a fog as to what



stand to take and would also have a real source of information for true facts. If THE SIGN sponsors a crusade for a Catholic daily, I wish to be placed on the list as a subscriber.

OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA.

GEORGE L. LEMAY.

### AGAIN: OUR "WORTHY" LIST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My work often takes me to the Grosvenor Library in this city. This library is the third largest reference library in the country, and although I see among its two hundred periodicals magazines representing many non-Catholic beliefs, I have failed to find one of my favorite Catholic magazines—THE SIGN. In fact, there are but two Catholic magazines there.

Would it be possible for you to donate a subscription to THE SIGN to a place where I think some good would come of it? This is especially true now that you have such splendid articles on Spain and topics of such burning current interest.

May God bless you, Reverend Father, and prosper your work.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

SISTER M. FRANCEAU, O.S.F.

*Editor's Note:* Sister's appeal is one of hundreds to reach us. Only through the generosity of our readers can we answer such appeals. Two dollars a year for a subscription to libraries, prisons, CCC Camps, missionaries, etc.—is a paying investment in Catholic Action.

### CATHOLIC "MINUTE MEN" TO COMBAT ERRORS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As an example of the bias and inaccuracy of so many sections of the secular press, may we advert to the following, taken from the July 12th issue of *Life* magazine? This magazine is new, pictorial, and sweeping the country. Hence the harm done in the item mentioned. American priests and Catholics had better not wait for bayonets to wake them up.

"The Church (in Spain) with its enormous wealth, naturally took a capitalist's position. It was up to the neck in politics. Peasants were told that to vote against the conservatives was *usually* a mortal sin. The Church was in charge of Spanish education. Result: the Spanish people was 45% illiterate."

Isn't that a grand specimen of freedom from bigoted bias, and of accuracy on the part of the self-styled "ablest historian of our day?" But what are we going to do about it? If we have any drop of red blood in us let us quit moaning and begin Catholic Action to stem the tide of bigotry and wishful distortion which continues to emanate from the secular press.

What can we do? Just this: Catholic study clubs are functioning throughout America. Do you belong to one? If not, why not? If you do belong—why not propose at the next meeting the formation of a committee of "minute men" whose function it will be to learn how to write brief and effective letters to secular newspapers and magazines whenever misstatements appear in them—whether they have to do with Spain, America, or anything that touches Catholicism.

In writing such letters instruction is needed so that the Catholic case is enhanced—and not hurt by over-zealous radicalism—and that the publications taken to task are either not named specifically or given any sort of "favorable" publicity.

Great movements have been born from an idea such as this; e.g., the statue of Christ in Washington was fathered by a letter from a simple American priest. What do you think of this idea of "Catholic minute men?" If you think it is good, get talking, writing and doing about it.

CARLTON, MINN.

MAURICE O'CONNOR.

*Editor's Note:* We heartily endorse Catholic "Minute Men." They should be informed, alert, sure of their facts, and prompt. Whether bred of ignorance or bigotry, the glaring falsities in the secular press should be corrected without delay. Catholic readers are sufficiently numerous to demand that their replies be printed in the same medium in which the false statement appeared.

### CATHOLIC LITERATURE FOR THE PHILIPPINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Could you supply me with second-hand pamphlets and Catholic Truth Society booklets and Catholic periodicals? In connection with Students' Catholic Action here in Manila I can use several hundred thousand pamphlets and periodicals in the course of the year.

We have a bookstand and pamphlet rack at the church door, and every Sunday we have a special students' Mass at Santa Cruz Church. There are usually some two thousand students present.

There is no limit to the number of these books, especially the pamphlets, I can use. We have 11,500 students in the organization, and there are in all 20,000 students in the secular colleges and universities.

MANILA, P. I.

(REV.) E. J. MCCARTHY.

### ENJOYABLE READING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please accept my very sincere appreciation of your splendid publication. The poetry is always of a high order. I enjoyed especially "The Assumption," in the August number. The experiences of the missionaries in China are also replete with intense interest.

KINGSTON, ONT., CANADA.

FRANCES NEALON.

### THE FIGHT AGAINST FADS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Anent Dr. T. H. Burke's splendid and timely exhortation of modern health fads and cults in the August number, let me say that he could strengthen his cause considerably by candidly acknowledging that chiropractic, ultra-violet and infra-red therapy, and physical culture, no matter how much abused by some practitioners and patients, are not in the same class with Christian Science, reducing bread and voodoo witchcraft. Medical men need not stultify themselves by their absolute and unqualified condemnation of chiropractic, physical therapy and physical culture.

Long has the present writer desired a reasonable co-operation between the medical men and the above mentioned *helps in healing*. Having said this, it is only fair to commend the noble doctor's stand against the fad of self-healing, the craze for unstandard and unapproved drugs, Freudism, Couelism, spiritism (which does make thousands mad), Christian Science and propagandized birth control. More power to Dr. T. H. Burke in his fight against these menaces to our physical and moral well-being.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. (REV.) ALBERT F. KAISER, C.P.P.S.

## QUESTIONS ON PRISON LABOR

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Several questions suggest themselves in reference to Lawrence Lucey's article, "Prisoners Must Work." Undoubtedly the author does not wish to make manufacturers outside face unfair competition, for prison output is effected at greatly reduced costs. Why not then sell at established prices?

Would it be possible to make the prisons of the country autonomous, each supplying some commodity for all the others, or such a system with some modifications? Could the prison output be used to supply the unemployed or various other helpless citizens, remuneration being made commensurate with the expense they eliminate?

While on the subject of prisons: Could there not be supplied greater opportunities than are now afforded inmates for definite and extended religious training? Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen might be given time, apart from church services, to impart this instruction.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

ANASTASIA LAWLER

## ITALY'S PLACE

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Italy's Place in the Sun," by Owen B. McGuire, which appears in the September issue of *THE SIGN*, is a masterpiece. Words fail me in expressing, as an Italian by birth, my appreciation of your friendly sentiments towards the Italians in this country. I know that the true sons of Italy in this country, who have read this article, feel as I do.

I have visualized the pleasure which this splendid article would bring to His Excellency, Benito Mussolini, and today I have taken the liberty of mailing him a copy of it. Men of the calibre of this writer are the ones who help us to keep our faith in God and in human nature. I know from experience that to be a Catholic and an Italian as well is almost a crime in this country. During my thirty-seven years here in Boston I have been subjected to numerous humiliations and deprivations because of this, but I have tried to take everything patiently. But when my children, born and brought up here, educated in American schools and colleges, decent, law-abiding citizens, meet the same obstacles, the situation becomes unbearable.

BOSTON, MASS.

M. C.

## START THE BALL A-ROLLING

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your very fine periodical has been brought to my notice by a friend and I have been especially interested in the article by Rev. Owen McGuire in the July issue. Your September number, I see, has some interesting letters of comment on this article. As I am an ardent advocate of the Catholic daily which is, alas, badly in the background in our otherwise newspaper-ridden country, I venture to express to you some of my thoughts concerning this very vital subject.

I am only an ordinary Catholic business man with no journalistic education, but I know there is no dearth of Catholic journalists in our country. I notice that the letters in the September number of *THE SIGN* commenting on a Catholic daily and the sad lack of it in even so large a city as New York, are written by Catholic Laymen, with the exception of the one written by a community of contemplative Sisters. But without the back-

ing of our Bishops and priests no Catholic daily, even in our large cities, can start and flourish. Our Holy Father is doing his utmost to recommend and encourage the Catholic press.

Right here in Chicago, with its more than a million Catholics, I have met few people who know of the one Catholic daily in our country which is struggling for existence.\* Why are they ignorant of it? Why do our young people have to buy the secular dailies and drink in day after day the immoralities, crimes and untruths of a secular press which is, if not entirely Red, at least a deep shade of pink? Surely the matter should be properly brought to the attention of our Bishops, instead of having a few zealous laymen talk about it who are really powerless to do anything even if they had the material backing. There are two new Communistic dailies, with a large subscription guaranteed, coming into circulation in another week. Are our clergy and laity going to stand by and do nothing to counteract their influence by establishing Catholic dailies, at least in the larger dioceses? The project of beginning a paper, according to the plan of W. J. Dundon, is, to my business sense, a very fine one. Let the Catholics own their paper and they will read it, support it and boost it.

To close this I am asking you to put me on the list of your subscribers. Let us get the ball a-rolling so all our large cities will have their own Catholic daily.

CHICAGO, ILL.

H. J. BECK.

\**Catholic Daily Tribune*, Dubuque, Ia.

## FROM A CONSTANT READER

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your September issue you say that you are happy to have your readers reveal their opinions of *THE SIGN*.

My two older boys, my little girl and I just finished reading together an interesting article by William Carney on Spain and Father Schneiders' very interesting appeal, so I decided to sit down and take advantage of your suggestion.

Your magazine, considered even apart from its profound and enlightening Catholic objective, is by far the most interesting magazine that I read. I have read it every month since January 1924, and during those thirteen years the progress of *THE SIGN* is a record in achievement of which you certainly should be proud. Your purpose, of course, is to enlighten and instruct Catholics in matters which concern them, and in this respect you certainly do a fine job.

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

JOHN C. SOMERS.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I. Mc.I., New York, N. Y.; R.D.S., Holyoke, Mass.; M.D., Bronx, N. Y.; A.McD., Cincinnati, O.; S.M.O., St. Louis, Mo.; C.B.D., Jersey City, N. J.; M.J.S., Hamilton, O.; V.B., Amityville, L. I.; B.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; F.A.W., West Phila., Pa.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Souls in Purgatory, M.E.J.C., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M.H.W., Kearny, N. J.; Poor Souls, M.C.Y., Chicago, Ill.; Souls in Purgatory, K.A.H., Arlington, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, M.R.A.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Ann, M.M.D., Charleston, S. C.; Souls in Purgatory, T.R., San Francisco, Calif.; M.T., St. Louis, Mo.; M.E.B., Allston, Mass.; A.S., Cleveland, O.; M.E.G., Saxonville, Mass.; A.C., Gloucester, N. J.



# Mexican Frankenstein

By RANDALL POND

Striking Mexican Miners Marching 300 Miles to Present Their Demands at the Capital

ACME PHOTO

**T**HERE is a growing suspicion in Mexico that President Lázaro Cárdenas may soon be in position to qualify as a Mexican Frankenstein. The monster of Mrs. Shelley's book was a man-made creature that crushed the life from human beings. The monster of modern Mexican politics is a huge reddish affair, which carries the name "Confederation of Mexican Workers" blazoned across its breast. Although Vicente Lombardo Toledano, and not Cárdenas, was its creator, the C. T. M.—with Toledano as its brain—has grown so big that the word is out that the President fears for the life of his régime. Let us examine the various factors in this strange situation and try to draw some worthwhile conclusions.

About two years ago, readers of *THE SIGN* were told about the birth and growth of the Confederation of Mexican Workers. Toledano, the leader, was sketched as an intelligent demagogue—a former university professor who had learned the art of labor agitation as a Calles underling. As right hand man of Luis Morones, leader of the Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers (the CROM), Toledano absorbed all that the older man could teach him, including the technique of the strike, the use of the red and black strike flag, and the vituperative speeches against "the reactionaries, the clericals, and the capitalists."

In 1933, Toledano decided the time was ripe to break away from his

master. Morones and Calles, grown rich, had lost that "zeal" for the proletariat that had brought them almost fabulous wealth. They, once the alleged leaders of the masses, could now be painted as the leaders of a new group of reactionaries which had forgotten the postulates of the Revolution in their eagerness to secure the fleshpots once reserved for the henchmen of the dead dictator, Porfirio Díaz.

The C. T. M. spread like wildfire. Wholesale defections from the CROM increased the prestige of the new body. Then came the fateful days of the summer of 1935. Cárdenas, hand-picked by Calles to act as president while the "First Chief" pulled the strings from the background, turned on his master and smashed into fragments the legend of Calles' impregnability. Toledano, quick to see which way the cat was jumping, leaped on the Cárdenas bandwagon and began to shout for the heads of those who formerly had paid him.

Political and labor tension grew with the passing months until Toledano was able to accuse Calles and Morones of instigating a bridge bombing which resulted in several deaths when a train blew up with the bridge. On a memorable Good Friday morning in 1936, Calles, Morones and two of their closest advisers, were put aboard aeroplanes and whisked away to Brownsville, Texas. The bright red star of the C. T. M. rose swiftly in the Mexican

sky, glimmering only a bit less importantly than that of President Cárdenas himself.

With Calles and Morones gone, Toledano continued to consolidate his position. The CROM was almost impotent before his attacks. With its leader a disgraced exile, with Cárdenas giving open approval to the C. T. M., the CROM staggered along, losing influence almost hourly. When the C. T. M. grew so strong that the National Revolutionary Party had to make an alliance with it last fall, the last measure of bitterness overflowed the cup of the declining syndicate.

**I**T SEEMED to many that President Cárdenas was unconscious of the growing influence of Toledano and his followers. Yet, it was strikingly apparent at every turn of the twisting path of local politics. The Mexican Revolutionary Association, accused of Fascist tendencies, was broken up at the request of the C. T. M., and its leader, General Nicolas Rodríguez, was sent into just as unconstitutional an exile as Calles and Morones had suffered. When Cárdenas proposed the partition of the rich Laguna region, the C. T. M. cheered him to the echo. When he openly favored the Azafia government, sending it arms and ammunition, the red syndicate all but defied him. In the eyes of this turbulent association of leftist unions, the President could do no wrong. The leaders professed to believe in



no God; but certainly Cárdenas was becoming an object of worship.

So the President had his monster. It rolled through Mexico, growing larger with each week, stamping out businesses that did not agree with its demands, investigating suspicious propaganda, refusing to allow "Fascist" movies to be shown, creating a Workers' University, eulogizing Russia and the Stalinist system. Mexicans of good will, anxious to co-operate with Cárdenas in all that really represented the best interests of the country, were aghast at the influence which the creature of barely three years existence was exercising in the nation.

**L**OOKING back, we believe that the C. T. M. reached its peak when its incipient strength forced the National Revolutionary Party (the P. N. R.) to take it in as a political partner for the elections to the Chamber of Deputies, which were held in July. Shortly after the coalition was made last fall, rifts began to appear in the lute which had been twanged so joyously by both Cárdenas and Toledano.

The question of allowing Leon Trotsky to come to Mexico was up for discussion. The C. T. M. and the official Communist Party let out a thunderous "No!" Diego Rivera and other Trotskyites paid a visit to Cárdenas, and permission for Trotsky to enter the country was almost immediately forthcoming. Although the President made no reference to the opposition advanced by the Stalinists, his action was a back-handed reminder that he was still running the Mexican political show.

Early this year, Morones made application for permission to return to Mexico. To the amazement of the C. T. M. and to the expressed chagrin and disappointment of its leaders, permission was granted their "reactionary" opponent to return to the country from which he had been illegally deported. To this day, no one has successfully analyzed this strange move of the President unless—and we believe it fits the Frankenstein thesis—he had begun to fear the C. T. M. and had decided to curb its power by allowing Morones to revive the drooping spirits of the CROM.

In February and March, religious feelings were stirred when arrogant murders were committed in Vera Cruz and Chihuahua. So strong was the feeling that a crisis as bad as that of 1929 threatened. The President, gauging the situation with admirable political insight, decided to permit more freedom of worship. Since Toledano's minions had de-

clared against such a tolerant attitude, the Cárdenas decision came as another indication that the executive was asserting more independence than the red syndicate would like.

In May, the crippling oil strike hit the country. Within two days after it had been declared, Toledano appeared as the representative of the oil workers. He issued statements, delivered his usual hysterical tirades against capitalism and imperialism, and tossed threats about with reckless abandon. At almost the same time, the President appealed to the workers to settle matters as quickly as possible, since the ramifications of the strike were so vast as to threaten to bring the commercial life of Mexico to an abrupt stop.

This was the first chance the C. T. M. had found to hit back at Cárdenas. A statement came out, blaming the companies for all the troubles, and the strike continued. After twelve days, with most of the country's businessmen calling on the government to act, Cárdenas declared that the workers should return to their posts while the government appointed a special commission to examine the books of the companies to see if they could pay the wages demanded by the strikers. Toledano had to bow to this command, but his prestige had suffered a severe blow.

A few weeks later, he had another chance to challenge the President's authority—and he took it. A devastating strike had been declared in the textile district of Cocolapan in Vera Cruz. The CROM and the C. T. M. demanded that employers should give their members exclusive rights to all the jobs in the factories of the district. So bloody had the struggle between the two become that Cárdenas had been forced to dictate terms. These were not enforced and when his attention was called to the matter and he reiterated his command that the syndicates adjust their demands according to his formula, the C. T. M. went before the Supreme Court and got an order restraining the President from proceeding against them in such fashion.

**I**T SHOULD be understood that all this sniping was done to the tune of ear-splitting cries. "Viva Cárdenas" was always on the lips of Toledano and his followers; but some people were wondering just how long the C. T. M. would really like to see Cárdenas live! There was no open break, but a perceptible change had come over the relations of the President and his leftist labor supporters. It was openly commented on.

The most telling indication of the almost open break came in the early part of August. Toledano led 100,000 workers in a demonstration against the high prices which Mexico has experienced for upwards of a year. He blamed everything but the strikes and the agrarian policy which has cut production of corn and wheat, while industrial houses have raised prices to meet wage increases. Subtly, but most apparently, Toledano threatened the government with "the strength of the proletariat" if some action was not taken against those whom the audacious leader held responsible for the high cost of living.

This was bad enough; yet Toledano saved his greatest thunderbolt for the last. He charged that a Fascist revolution against the government was being prepared. He demanded that the government act at once to save the country from the "Callistas, reactionaries, Fascists, and clericals."

The next day, policemen from the Department of Justice broke into the offices of the Veterans of the Revolution and the Society for Defense of the Middle Class, confiscated papers and arrested officers. The city was amazed at such conduct; but the C. T. M. applauded with gusto. Within a few hours after Cárdenas wired from Yucatan, where he was visiting, ordering everyone arrested to be placed at liberty and instructing that their effects be returned.

**T**OLEDANO was thrown on the defensive. A group of senators met at a banquet and attacked him as one who was "leading the masses astray." Newspapers took up the cry and, without exception, termed the revolutionary charges ridiculous. At bay, the C. T. M. magician said that he referred to "future attempts of the reactionaries." He denied he was a Communist, denied his league with Russia, praised democracy, swore fealty to Cárdenas. A few days later, the President spoke in Yucatan, reprimanding those who would "divide the proletariat in its struggles for betterment."

Here, then, are the facts. Frankenstein was unable to control his monster and it destroyed him. Cárdenas came to the presidency as a tool of Calles. He overthrew that tyrant and built from the ruins the Confederation of Mexican Workers. Rumors say that he is considering a deal with the Calles crowd in order to save himself from the course which the C. T. M. has charted. He has his Scylla; he may be courting Charybdis. Can he sail through?

# Perpetual Spring

The Church's Enemies Have Always Foreseen Her Doom But the Divine Life that Animates Her Is a Source of Perpetual Renewal

By EDWARD DUFF, S.J.

**T**HE Amateur Intellectual is perturbed: the push of events seems destined to bury the Church. What with savagery in Spain, a new and more brutal *Kulturkampf* in Germany, Mexico gone mad, Russia grinning and waiting, the war chariots of Europe straining at the barrier and Papal programs scorned, it all seems as inevitable as his books announce . . . civilization tottering . . . the new Dark Ages for Christendom . . . the end of our times . . . Christians to the catacombs. He looks at the text, "I will be with you all days," and slowly shakes his head. Not that he doubts it, mind you; but he is perturbed, and he doesn't care who knows it. The Church seems doomed, doomed to become once again the secret sect of a hidden people.

But the saints often see further than the savants. Thus Saint Vincent de Paul:

"It is quite true that the Son of God has promised to abide by His Church until the end of time; but it is equally as true He gave no promise that that Church would be in France or in Spain."

And that the Church does exist elsewhere might be suspected from the following news item:

"The Diocese of Changancherry, on the Malabar Coast of India, possesses 200,000 Catholics distributed in 140 parishes, all of which are self-supporting, each with its own school. The diocese has seven high schools and St. Berchman's College. The bishop is an Indian and all his priests are Indian. His last year's ordination class is not yet placed, so abundant are the vocations. There are over 100 candidates for the priesthood, all of whom are paying their own way. There are 600 Indian Sisters, all of whom have paid a dowry on entering the convent of at least 500 rupees, almost \$170 in U. S. dollars."

At least, the future Christians of the catacombs, it appears now, can count

on masses being said for them!

It would seem profitable, then, in all discussions of the status and future of the Church to remember that Catholicism means spread over the whole earth, universal. Today, more than ever before, that mark is characteristic of her. And it is being fulfilled!

Perhaps we forget that fact in our worries about the Church. We can be so interested in things Catholic as to forget the Catholic Thing; we can be so zealous for church organizations as to fail to see the living Organism that is the Church. Yes, it is possible to miss the forest for the tall trees and to overlook the most fundamental fact about trees, that it is their nature to grow. We can echo so loyally "Europe is the Faith: the Faith is Europe" that we unconsciously identify Catholicism with the ethos of the West. And so we are unaware of the Church in the Missions, the most consoling and startling factor in her recent history.

But all this, excusable and somewhat inevitable as it is, is hardly calculated to give one a true understanding of the work of Christ among men, nor even to afford one a notion of the real position of the Church in the world today. She has not only "Returned from Exile." She has set out, and with striking success, to gather those who are in exile from their Father's House. We shall not realize the strength of the Church if we forget the army of one hundred thousand priests, Sisters and Brothers on the Mission Front who are spreading the frontiers of the Kingdom at the rate of 1,600,000 baptisms a year.

**M**AY it not be that these souls are hostages to God for the safety of Europe? Crucified to the world and to whom the world is crucified, they are almost a challenge to God, Who will not be outdone in generosity. Shall not some share of "the hundredfold in this life" for those "who have left all things" be the peace and security of the native lands they deserted at the summons of Christ? And shall not the example of such strong sacrifice

call forth the ready response of Catholics at home for the preservation of the Faith in the West?

This at least we know: that God is faithful. This at least we can see: that the toll and prayers of the modern missionary are increasing the fold of the Good Shepherd at a marvelous rate. And most encouraging of all, the army of apostles is being recruited among the Gentiles. In 4,000 seminaries there are 17,000 candidates for the priesthood preparing to take their places in the ranks. And Sisters, too! Oceania (where twenty-five years ago 80 per cent of the school children had eaten human flesh) now has her native Sisterhood; Central Africa has ten novitiates of a single Institute; and in Columbia native nuns are caring for women lepers.

**H**ow happy must be Innocent XI, who wrote three centuries ago, "We will be more happy to know that you have ordained one native priest than to learn that you have converted 50,000 pagans," as he watches from the ranks of the Church Triumphant the growth of native vocations in the Church Militant. China's diocesan clergy has doubled in the last ten years; in many sections they have complete jurisdiction. In Indo-China, where Christianity was proscribed and priests tortured within the memory of men still living, the native clergy today outnumbers the foreign missionaries more than three to one.

A diocese of Ceylon is fulfilling the prophecy of Leo XIII, "India, it will be thy own children who will convert thee." There, the proportion of native priests has risen in fifty years to more than half the clergy of the diocese. And in the land where St. Francis Xavier labored, Archbishop Mar Ivanios is leading thousands of his Jacobite schismatics back to the unity of the Faith. Flourishing novitiates of the different Orders on the Mission Front testify to the ability of the non-Western races to conform to the rigorous training, intellectual and disciplinary, of our Religious Institutes and prove the Holy Father's claim that the intel-



lectual inferiority of these supposedly backward people is largely a European fiction.

Last year the Abbey of St. Andrew near Bruges in Belgium witnessed a solemn and significant ceremony when His Excellency, Lou Tseng Tsing, former Prime Minister of the Chinese Republic, and her delegate to the Versailles Peace Conference, was ordained as a Benedictine Monk, Father Peter Celestine Lou, O.S.B. The historic St. Beuno's College, Wales, has harbored a shivering Javanese Jesuit making his Tertianship, the last stage of his long preparation. Rome understands the meaning of these events. "Conversions are increasing because vocations are increasing."

A native clergy, together with a steady stream of conversions, indicates that Catholicism is advancing solidly in the Mission Fields whatever be its worries in Europe. It indicates, too, that the Faith is no mere transplanted thing. It has found true roots. Perhaps that is why the Pope has forbidden the building of any more Gothic churches in the Orient: there the style is false, alien, insincere. The Eucharistic Congress in Australia showed how deeply Catholicism has entered into the people's hearts; the Manila Congress was an even more forceful demonstration. The number and record of Catholic charitable and educational institutions might be adduced as final evidence. China has seven Catholic newspapers, two of them dailies.

Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., has told of the faith of the Eskimos trekking hundreds of miles for the Sacraments. The fervor of the Faith is strong in brightest Africa, as well; from an infant Church of 50,000, seventy-five years ago, she has grown to a body of 7,000,000. The Belgian Congo has seen a 32 per cent increase in the number of the faithful in two years! At one station two young priests are trying to care for 65,000 Catholics. Catechumens are sometimes kept waiting six and seven years, because there are not enough priests to test their fitness for baptism. Archbishop Hinsley saw all this when he was Apostolic Delegate to these regions. "A great crisis in Africa, a great movement of the natives toward the Church, a great opportunity," he said at that time.

**I**N INDIA the low caste peoples have announced their determination to abandon Hinduism for a religion that will offer them some measure of dignity and justice. The Church, mindful of the 200,000 converted in the Mission of Chota-Nagpur during

the past fifty years, prays and works for the hundreds of millions of souls at stake in this issue. In the next few years the religious fate of India, and perhaps of all Asia, may be decided. And who will say that Mussolini is more important to the Church than Dr. Ambedkar who leads this movement among the outcastes?

The nations of Europe are certainly a discouraging batch of problem children to the Catholic student today. But to identify the Western World with the Christian religion, according to Jacques Maritain, would be a deadly and impertinent error, which the tone adopted by careless apologists would seem occasionally to commit, but which is essentially repugnant to the characteristic *par excellence*, to the *catholicity* of the religion of Christ. No mere "characteristic *par excellence*" is this "catholicity" to Pope Pius XI! It is an *essential* note. "The Church has no other reason for its existence," is the thundering opening of the Encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiae*, "than to extend over all the earth the Kingdom of Christ."

**T**O THOSE so interested in things Catholic as to lose sight of the Catholic Thing, the Holy Father's words come as a peremptory corrective. In his words there is a strength bespeaking a clarity of vision of the Body that must grow because of the very Life of its Being, that exists for one single purpose: to bring all men to God through Jesus Christ. That, the Pope would remind us, is the sole ultimate function of the Church, the finis of all her features. To propose any other policy or purpose is preciousness . . . amateurism.

So Sister Simplicia of the Third Grade Girls, collecting pennies "to buy a Chinese baby" is really much more keenly alive to the Catholic Fact, more genuinely in touch with contemporary Catholicism than those sad souls who expect to sing the songs of Sion by the ruins of Rome. For the good Sister is participating in the push that has made more converts in heathen lands in the last twenty years than in the four preceding centuries. She is in on the issue of modern times, the struggle for the soul of the world, compared to which the crisis in the West is a local ward problem. This is the Kairos, the hour for the Gentiles. This is the day of the Missions. It may be (may God forbid!) "der Tag" for the powers of darkness in Europe, but the Church is of eternity. Even the West may pass away, but "My words shall not pass away."

And if this proposition seems like special pleading, let us concede that it is *partial* in both senses of the word: 1) that it dispatches all the other activities of the Church pretty abruptly, snapping its fingers at the monuments and manifestations of Catholicism in our midst, blithely disregarding the stern interests of the Church in our social institutions. We cannot, and must not, forget that to Europe has been entrusted the exalted mission of bearing witness to the gospel; nor that the seat of the Sovereign Pontiff is Rome; and, hence, that the chaos of the West should be of utmost concern to all Catholics. But part of the point of this article is to insist that Catholicism is not intrinsically European. Anyhow it may flash a gleam for the mission myopes.

2) Again, the catalogue of the triumphs of the Faith among the Gentiles is not quite the whole story. It cannot be claimed (nor is it) that the progress of the Faith goes on unimpeded in all parts of the world: enormous countries and peoples are closed to the missionary, other lands offer only stony soil for sowing the seeds of divine truth.

Nor can the menace contained in the counter-religious and the vigorous anti-religious movements be minimized. Islam is stirring once more and the Communist is acquiring the use of the tongues. Yet, the record stands clear and compelling: "more in the last twenty years than in the four previous centuries." The Faith is spreading more rapidly in the Orient today than it did in Europe when she was being evangelized. Today the young Church on the Mission Front is visible and growing strong with the strength of the life of God.

**Y**es, despite losses and heresy, political reverses and national relapses, the divine process goes on "unto the building up of the perfect Man, Christ." It is an old story. To study the lessons of history should bring not discouragement, but confidence and joy. Byzantium was lost, Antioch and Alexandria, as well; but Peter won the West. Africa with its 400 sees went down, and the tall Franks entered the Church. The ancient churches of Asia, of Armenia and Persia were engulfed by heretics, and the voice of Christ called the Arian barbarians. The Greeks left the unity of the Faith, and the peoples of Central Europe asked for baptism. The Reformation severed half of Christendom from Peter's sway, but today the Light of Christ moves toward the rising sun to illumine the children of the East.



# CATEGORICA

## THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

### ADMIRABLE RUSSIA!

• *In "Ordeal in England," Philip Gibbs expresses his wonder at the irrational admiration for life in Soviet Russia so often to be found in so-called intellectual circles:*

One evening I was invited to dinner by a charming friend of mine who "threw a party," as they say in the United States. It was a "stag party." Round the table sat fifteen youngish men, nearly all of them writers of books not without fame. I knew their names. I had read some of their books. I felt humble in their presence, for they were the daring lads—English and American—who are very advanced in their range of thought.

Charming young men, I found them. One of them had just written a book on Europe which was having a world-wide sale. Suddenly someone began talking about Russia, and, looking round the table, I saw the eyes of these youngish intellectuals go soft with that peculiar light which comes from inward ecstasy. Russia! Ah, what a country! It was making immense progress in industrialization. It was beginning to lead the world in aviation and crowding the sky with bombing aeroplanes. The Soviet system was, of course, the ultimate ideal of humanity. That fellow Stalin! What a brain! Fascism, with its half-wit dictators, would crumple up before the assault of Marxian idealism. Nothing could check democratic ideology in the long run. Russia was solving the economic problem.

I did not intervene in this discussion. My knowledge of Russia is becoming distant—as far back as the days when twenty-five million people were starving (four and a half million died on the Volga), when everyone in Russia was hungry, when millions were dying of typhus. Perhaps things had improved since then. Some of these young men had been recently to Moscow as journalists. But as I listened to them I wondered why they seemed to believe in a Grimm fairy tale which leaves out the witches, the goblins and the ogres. How did they account, I wondered, for those trials and executions of the old Bolshevik leaders? Did they believe in those confessions of guilt? If so, then those who made the Russian revolution—their former heroes—were gangsters and gunmen without moral sense. If they didn't believe, then Stalin and the present rulers of Russia were murderers and torturers.

Did they honestly think that the condition of the Russian people was higher than in this country where they sat at table talking freely? Did they believe that liberty was there—any kind of free thought or free speech? Did they still believe that there was equality of class and equality of reward? Had they not seen the well-dressed and well-fed kommissars at the Mariinsky Theatre with their bourgeoisie-looking women, and the Russian peasants, or laborers in the timber camps, not well dressed and not well fed, but miserable, and verminous, and hungry? Why this admiration for the mechanization of Russian life—and the herding of peasants into collective farms, and the crowding of the sky with bombing aeroplanes, and the iron discipline of the ant heap? They used the words "Democracy" and "Liberty." Had they really seen such things in Russia? Or had they dreamed a fairy tale?

### CAN DOGS THINK?

• *MANY fond lovers of dogs try to persuade themselves that their pets can "think," in much the same way as humans do. Professor G. H. Estabrooks of Colgate University conducted several experiments to test this assumption scientifically. He published an account of these experiments in "The Scientific American." His conclusion is given here. Incidentally, the lack of the power of speech is one of the best arguments that mere animals do not think as humans do:*

Can your dog think? The general answer would be "No." We would never deny his ability, or that of any other animal, to learn. He learns better than most. Here even the human, if forced to run a maze under the conditions we use with a dog, has little if any superiority. But we use the word "think" with a somewhat different connotation. We generally mean the use of language symbols in the solution of a new situation.

One scientist demonstrated this very nicely. He brought up a baby chimpanzee with his own little boy. They lived together as brother and sister. It is most interesting to note that, up to the age of 18 months, the baby chimp was superior to her human brother in practically all the intelligence tests used. Then the human, as was to be expected, took a mean advantage—he learned to talk. From then on, the poor little chimp didn't have a chance. . . .

In conclusion, we can only say that the dog thinks on a very low plane, if at all. Perhaps he does use past experience to solve new situations, perhaps he may understand a few simple symbols, but his abilities here are so inferior to those of the human that we are almost entitled to say, for all practical purposes, that your dog is a non-thinking animal.

### MOODINESS HAS ITS VALUE

• *PERSONS who are subject to "moods" may have an advantage over those whose dispositions never seem to get out of sorts, according to Jane Stafford, writing for "Science Service":*

Moodiness may not seem a desirable trait, but within limits it has its value. Among other things, it keeps us from being bored and from being bores.

The person who runs along on an even keel, temperamentally, may be easy to live with but he is apt to be unsympathetic and uninteresting. If you have had a good case of the blues yourself, you can be more tolerant of another's mood of depression, and if you occasionally get very high yourself, you are not so irritated by an overly gay person.

The value for personality development of changes in mood was recently stressed by Dr. Conrad S. Sommer, medical director of the Illinois Society for Mental Hygiene. Dr. Sommer also pointed out that persons who experience mild changes in mood are better able to understand and enjoy a range of moods not only in other people but in music, literature, clothes, the weather and all of life.

A depressed mood is further valuable as a warning of fatigue or strain. It should be properly interpreted,

however, and an effort made to relieve the depression by relieving the strain, not by resorting to stimulants. The latter can have only a temporarily elevating effect and may leave you worse off than before.

To be happily in love, Dr. Sommer says, is one of the best cures for moodiness. This is not merely a humorous quip. Ambition, he believes, is causing many people to make unwise sacrifices of romantic happiness. A balance between work, love and recreation steadies the mood, conserves energy and strength, and leads to serenity.

### COLLEGE IMMORALITY

• **IN AN** article "Immorality in Our Schools" in "Forum," Geraldine Courtney writes of the conditions prevailing among the members of the social fraternities and sororities of a large state university. What she writes should be a warning to Catholic parents to send their children to Catholic schools:

The hedonistic, nihilistic, atheistic atmosphere sooner or later seeps into his blood. He hears himself applauding and expounding ideas that a year before he'd have been spanked for mentioning at home. Liquor is passed, and he becomes "one of the boys." And the mind of the young disciple, eager to express itself emotionally and physically, turns to sex. After a period of listening to numerous tales of bolder spirits, the boy has served his apprenticeship. Partly in the spirit of rivalry with his brothers, partly because of pride, and partly because he knows that seductive advances are expected of him, he begins his own personal campaign against feminine virtue.

The sorority "gab fest," meanwhile, has its place. There are sophisticated innuendoes, shady stories, proud tales of social success. Some aesthete of twenty will, during a solemn moment, quote the inevitable: "Ah, make the most of what ye yet may spend. . . ." This is the age for that. . . .

One night two years ago the house mother of this same nice group went into her infrequently used sun-room. Trained as she was to keep to her room with ears and eyes closed, she did not question her freedom of her own quarters. She recognized the boy and girl she saw there.

The house mother went to the chapter president, a girl of twenty. The next day a chapter meeting was called, and, after explanation of her purpose, the president called in the culprit. The girl who had violated the sorority vow of chastity was left with one recourse, the most shameful defeat of the sorority girl: that of "turning in" her pin.

Faces flushed. The air was tense with guilt. Two girls rose together. They could not in the name of justice, they stammered, see one of their number damned by the sisterhood for misconduct of which others in the chapter were equally guilty. At length, after the chapter meeting had degenerated into a typical feminine confession party, it was disclosed that sixteen of the thirty-one members had at various times, either in high school or college, been guilty of sexual misconduct. The chapter had little choice but to pardon the sixteen girls en masse. If university authorities ever learned of the episode they remained as silent as everyone else. . . .

There is on the campus one organized sisterhood in which there are only two requirements for membership: sufficiently low grades and the achievement of being a "fallen" woman. Membership is strictly secret, and the sorority pin is worn on the undergarments. The group orders quantities of liquor for its meetings, which are held in hotel rooms every two weeks. The chapter gatherings are closed with a song that is unprintable.

### UNPOPULAR STARS

• **A** RECENT English questionnaire elicited some interesting information about the unpopularity of certain movie stars. It appears in the September issue of "Current History":

It is interesting to note that in England Mae West and then Charlie Chaplin are the most unpopular figures among London cinema goers.

It was in the answers to the questionnaire sent out by Sidney L. Bernstein, the English picture house magnate, that that fact was discovered. In addition to Mae West, for instance, there were a number of other disliked ladies of the screen, to wit: Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, and even Bette Davis.

Among the actors disliked, in addition to Chaplin are: James Cagney, Ralph Lynn, and Laurel and Hardy.

Among the actresses best liked, for instance, are: Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple, Kay Francis, and Jean Arthur. Among the actors best liked are: Gary Cooper, who heads the list, Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Franchot Tone, George Arliss, Frederic March, Robert Donat, Leslie Howard, and Fred Astaire.

Since 1932, when a similar questionnaire was issued, Gary Cooper has jumped from 27th place to first; Clark Gable, second in 1934, has held his place; Charles Laughton has advanced from ninth to third place since 1934; Clive Brook has dropped from fourth to 36th; George Arliss from first to eighth; John Boles from sixth to 26th. Maurice Chevalier, fifth in 1932, and Charles Chaplin, once the leader of them all, are not even among the first fifty.

The sexual aspect of the choices is also interesting as a gauge to English cultural opinion in the cinematic field. Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman are popular with both sexes and all ages. Clark Gable is more popular with women under twenty-one and over sixty; 61 per cent of Charles Laughton's followers are men and 89 per cent of Robert Taylor's are women, more than half of them under twenty-one. Oddly enough, Norma Shearer, who heads the list for the third time, is more popular with women than men. Myrna Loy, who jumps from 21st place to second, and Ginger Rogers, are more popular with men than women.

### DIFFICULT TRANSLATION

• **MR. CARL CROW** in "Harper's" describes some of the difficulties of translating into Chinese. Some of the new terms invented are picturesque in the extreme:

The translation of the rules of poker was the most difficult job of that sort we ever undertook, but when we began advertising automobiles we found plenty of trouble expressing terms in the Chinese language. Naturally, there were no Chinese names for the parts of cars and, in order to define them, it was necessary to devise some arbitrary combination of existing Chinese words or to put old words to new uses. This has had to be done with every new article introduced to China, and sometimes it has been very easy. For instance, a mortar is called a "frog gun" and an electric light is called "bottled moonlight," two perfectly descriptive phrases. As between "bottled moonlight" and "incandescent bulb" I would choose the "bottled moonlight" as one which at least has greater advertising possibilities and would lend itself to romance and to poetic phrases.

## LAZY OR PHILOSOPHICAL?

• *SINCE the beginning of the Civil War in Spain many stories have been told of the peculiarities of the Spanish character. Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss in his book "The Siege of Alcazar" relates the following:*

It is said that the Spaniards are lazy: but is lazy the word? I offer the following story:

A Spanish merchant whose brandy is known throughout Spain, and whose sherry is sold the world over, told me this story.

He was, he said, a Liberal. No longer young, he lived in Madrid and interested himself very little in the family business he had inherited. Then one day, looking at his passbook, his conscience pricked him. He took the train to Jerez and called together the managers and shop stewards of the bodegas where his wines were mixed and stored. He explained to them how, owing to the fall in the value of Spanish currency, he had been making more money than he felt entitled to. So, instead of an average wage of (say) five pesetas a day, he intended to pay his men eight. He went back to Madrid.

On the first day of the new conditions, he was called to the telephone by his Jerez manager. Everything there was in confusion. Soon after three o'clock, the shop stewards had appeared in the office of the manager.

"What," they asked, "do you make it that we have earned today so far? We calculate it must be at least five pesetas already."

The manager considered. "That is about what it works out at."

"Well," said the shop stewards, "If we've made our five pesetas, we're off!"

Is that laziness? Or is it that the Spaniards have a philosophy which puts leisure before gain.

What else?

They are proud. But there are many forms of pride. The Spaniard's form of pride does at least give him something which we lack. For he is not impressed by size, by wealth, by pretensions. That another should think more of himself because he is rich seems to the Spaniard as childish, as that he should think more of himself because he is fat. He does not value a house more because it is higher than others, or cost more to build. For him it is a house, convenient or inconvenient, good to look at, or ugly.

There is a grievous form of pride which makes a man arrogant and overbearing. This form is rare among them, for the Spaniards are a polite race.

## CATHOLICS AND THE NEGRO

• *THE true Catholic attitude toward the Negro, especially among priests, is described in the following which appeared in the "Interracial Review":*

Recently a young Catholic colored man from St. Louis made an automobile trip through the South in the company of a priest friend. On their way, the pair, the white Catholic priest and the colored Catholic layman, stopped at the homes of various Catholic clergymen who were working among the Negroes in some of the outlying sections, where Catholicism was practically unknown and the Roman collar was viewed with as much suspicion as a red flag or a convict's stripes. Entering the hospitable rectory and closing the door upon the arid waste of racial and religious prejudice that

surrounded it, the young man had the sensation of finding an oasis in the desert.

Later, recalling his experiences, he remarked: "All that would be needed to convert any Negro to the Catholic Faith, even if he were an out-and-out Communist, would be to visit the homes of such priests, after what one experiences outside." And if a second confirmation were needed of what true Catholicism means for the Negro, it was, he thought, to be found in the evident difference of attitude towards the colored man perceptible when one passed from the rigidly non-Catholic areas to the sections of Louisiana or Mississippi where there was some Catholic and Latin tradition.

## FAILURE OF COLLECTIVISM

• *It is the opinion of Walter Lippmann, expressed in his most recent work "The Good Society," that on the nature of man the issue is at present between those who would respect him as an autonomous person and those who would degrade him to a living instrument. From these opposing conceptions are bred radically different attitudes towards the whole of human experience, in all the realms of action and of feeling, from the greatest to the smallest:*

Measured by the creeds that have the greatest vogue, the reaction against freedom is almost everywhere triumphant. Yet though the reaction is popular, and the masses applaud it, the reactionaries have been winning the battles and losing the war. The people have been promised abundance, security, peace, if they would surrender the heritage of liberty and their dignity as men. But the promises are not being kept. In the ascendancy of collectivism during the past seventy years mankind has gone deeper and deeper into disorder and disunion and the frustration of its hopes. Because it is entirely incompatible with the economy by which men earn their living, collectivism does not work. Because it dismisses the lessons of long experience in regulating the diversity of human interests by law, it is incapable of regulating the modern social economy. Because it resurrects a primitive form of human polity, it revives the ancient parochial animosities of mankind. Because it affronts the essential manhood of men, it is everywhere challenged and resisted. Though collectivist theory is the fashionable mode in contemporary thought and guides the practice of contemporary politicians, its triumph is in fact a disaster in human affairs.

Though it is momentarily triumphant, it is a failure, and must fail, because it rests upon a radically false conception of the economy, of law, of government, and of human nature. But while it is possible to lead mankind by error into disaster, suffering is a hard school in which men do learn to perceive the truth. If the collectivist doctrine conformed to the data of experience and the needs of men, it would not be necessary to administer collectivism by drilling the people, sterilizing them against subversive ideas, terrorizing, bribing, enchanting, and distracting them. The ants live successfully, it would seem, in a collectivist order: there is no evidence that they require ministers of propaganda, censors, inquisitors, secret police, spies, and informers, to remind them of their collectivist duties. But men do not conform to this scheme of things. Though they have been known to accept servitude submissively and even gratefully, they are in some deep sense different from horses, cows and domesticated fowl. They persist in troubling the serenity of their masters, having in them some quality which cannot be owned.



# BOOKS

## Ordeal in England

by PHILIP GIBBS

In his latest effort, *Ordeal in England*, Sir Philip Gibbs attempts current history with periodic doses of rational reflection and interpretation. His appraisal of forces and his report of recent crises in England is unquestionably authentic. The author has performed on the stage and has advised back stage and has witnessed from the orchestra the parade of dramatic and historic crises in the Great Britain of the past year. His reflections and words of guidance describe the pathetic. While those of a thinker employing a sharp and alert mind, they are allied to the voice of one "who cries in the wilderness" of an age of unreason.

*Ordeal in England* presents an amoral, hypocritical England muddling through. When there is question of armaments and the trickeries, deceits and the acquisitive instincts of "Merchants of Murder" there is polite, proper and very moral investigation provoked by Royal Mandate. In the heat of investigation there is provision of \$7,500,000,000 to be devoted to armament. And the merry Lords who make murder a business thrive healthily on this fatted calf. Investigation is a fizzle. Do not the Lords and the Ladies depend on the dividends of war preparation to keep their impressive and royal shirts on? In any event why government control? Is it not true that Governments are sometimes as unidealistic and as corrupt as private corporations? The let-it-ride, the "laissez-faire" attitude is the way of wisdom.

It need not be said that *Ordeal in England* features the crisis of Monarchy and the unprecedented abdication of a British King. Here again the hypocrisy of the British may be noted. Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson who, with all due respects to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was never married, could be accepted as a King's entertainer. There was precedent for such moral aberrations. She could never be accepted as a Queen. She wanted front, respectability. Yes, that's the word, respectability. The people of England seemed in this crisis to sponsor the morality of respectability. *Ordeal in England* indicates this whited-sepulchre spirit

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in the affair of a King's heart which nearly wrecked Monarchy and the Throne.

When it comes to the problem of peace Sir Philip Gibbs is not in the least optimistic. Individual nations, with England a major offender, are not disposed to arbitrate rationally. The League of Nations as a court of peace is finished. Mussolini supplied the mortal blow when his armies set out on the conquest of Ethiopia. The sanctions of the League proved utterly weak. Even England feared with a great fear. It may revive but for the nonce "The League" is out. And so it looks definitely like another European War. Nations re-arm and there is no time for moralities or the idle gestures of Supra-National bodies of arbitration.

*Ordeal in England* is recommended as a splendid sample of well-interpreted and well-digested current history.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$3.00.

## Geneva Versus Peace

by COMTE DE SAINT-AULAIRE

This book deals with the League of Nations. On the whole it is a caustic criticism of the League and all its works. Coming at a time when the League is being put to severe tests, the book will offer no consolation to the supporters of Geneva and much justification for opposition to those who repudiate the theories and practices of the League of Nations.

The author's first objection to the workings of the League of Nations is that it has never existed. To be effective the League should embrace all major world powers, but this universality has never characterized the Geneva League. Its very sponsor, the United States, has never been a member and with the passage of time other nations have resigned their memberships or withdrawn from active participation in its deliberations. Consequently it is easy for the author to show that the futility of the League is something

to be expected from its inherent constitution.

Comte de Saint-Aulaire's analysis and exposition make a sad commentary on the diplomacy which, since the Great War, has attempted to direct world policies from the temple of the League of Nations at Geneva. To deliver the world from the menace of Genevan diplomacy which has invested itself with a false religious halo, the author recommends an exorcism of the evil spirit of materialistic internationalism which is fostered by the League and a return to sane nationalism with nations entering into alliances based on political and economic realities. The major burden for such work is placed upon France and England.

The criticism of the League of Nations contained in *Geneva Versus Peace* cuts deep, but the long and distinguished diplomatic career of the author and his first-hand knowledge of the facts about which he writes merit that serious consideration be given his book. To the present reviewer Comte de Saint-Aulaire passes a judgment which history will confirm.

Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$2.50.

## The Siege of Alcazar

by MAJOR GEOFFREY McNEILL-MOSS

The Alcazar is, or rather was, the fortified garrison of the City of Toledo, in Spain. It was also a military school. When the revolt against the so-called "Democratic Government" of Spain broke out in July, 1936, Colonel Moscardó, Commandant of the Alcazar, declared for General Franco. Together with his followers he retired into this fortress and defied the forces sent from Madrid to wrest it from him. Thereupon the siege started. The garrison of defenders numbered 1,028. There were also 100 men too old to fight, 520 women and 50 children. The siege lasted from July 21st to September 27th. Thirty aerial bombardments, thirty-five attacks with flame projectors, and three mine explosions were used by the Reds to destroy the Alcazar and its defenders, but to no avail, though the savage attacks left the citadel in almost complete ruin.

Major McNeill-Moss tells the whole

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story in diary form, complete with details. It is as heroic a story of courage as has ever been told in human annals. There are many illustrations and maps to aid the reader in reconstructing the siege. In an appendix the author nails the lie about the alleged mass execution of Reds by Franco's men in Badajoz. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.50.

## The Holy Ghost

by EDWARD LEEN, C.S.Sp.

Pre-eminence in genuine culture is an unassailable title to aristocracy. Among Catholic publishers, Sheed & Ward are of the aristocracy, for they have attained and give promise to maintain a cultural pre-eminence that is indeed inspirational. In the imparting of religious culture, it is strategical to adapt methods to men. In publishing *The Holy Ghost*, Sheed & Ward have taken another forward step, at the layman's pace, along the *Via Theologica*. Even the layman—if he is to be duly religious—must be a theologian. The layman who leaves theology entirely to the professional is bound to be religiously anaemic.

Dr. Leen treats both of the Divine Lover and of His gifts to us. At the outset, the author presents an introductory chapter that is a masterful piece of perspective. Brief, yet telling, is the reminder that man struggles in a world which is not as God made it or intended, but as man himself has spoilt it. The present-day world, individually as well as internationally, is seething with disorder and discontent because mere human wisdom is a failure. Godless, man is not even manly. But we have reasonable hope for a return to sanity, provided men come to know God better—in all His attractiveness as the God of Love and Happiness. Thanks to the improvement called grace, man is equipped to become a superman—a child of God and hence an heir of God's heaven. But unless man co-operates with the light and strength of grace, he stays below par, his potentialities lie dormant, stagnant—"the corruption of the very best is the very worst."

Throughout the chapters of this book, there is unfolded to the reader one manifestation upon another of God's interest in us and of His loving plans, enabling us to glimpse more clearly God Himself as *Love in Person*. Consistently, the author sounds a most appealing note—e.g., our inescapable obligation to render to God the things that are His, is at the same time our opportunity to recover our normal well-being. The

incarnation of God is a divinely charming adaptation to our human makeup. As for the holiness so much insisted upon by God, what is it but simply a "willed yielding to the appeal of the divine goodness." God the Holy Spirit is fittingly described as being "All Heart." This Person of Love should be the most attractive of the three Divine Persons, and best known rather than least known.

The first fruits of self-education to be gleaned from Dr. Leen's masterpiece is the formation of a definite attitude toward the Third Person of the Trinity. A normal appetite for the gifts of God supposes a keen interest in the Donor Himself. Then, the author is convincing and persuasive as to the desirability of holiness, of seeking our content at the Source that beatifies God Himself. Furthermore, there is charted out for us and explained, our supernatural anatomy—that is to say, the grace that elevates our nature unto a share in the divine nature; the virtues that transmute our abilities; the gifts that give us facility in virtuous action, the fruits that satisfy the appetites of the soul, of the restless mind and the aching heart. Thus transformed, man is fitted to be God's child, and hence co-heir with Christ; the soul, thus made holy, becomes a fit sanctuary for the crowning gift of all—the Giver Himself, the God of our minds and hearts. And the result of it all is that we share not only God's own abilities, but His own joy.

The purchase of this book is a worthwhile investment for the layman of education who is at the same time sufficiently religious and industrious to read studiously.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

## Shaw—George versus Bernard

by J. P. HACKETT

The latest book on Shaw! Is there to be no end of them? G. B. Shaw has indeed been fortunate in his critics. Irritated by his lack of good taste and colossal effrontery, they have been goaded into furnishing him with much invaluable free advertising. Shaw needs no press-agents, if he can continue to provoke capable writers to strike back in annoyance. The library of Shavian comment and criticism is out of all proportion to the importance of the man, his place in lasting literature, or the influence of his philosophy. And surely, if Shaw ever functioned as a moulder of public opinion, that day has now passed. He is no longer either interesting or original. He has

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Paris in 1463 and was never heard from again.

The character which Mr. Erskine has portrayed is a very one-sided picture of a great poet. He portrays a callous man who had many love affairs and lived sordidly, but he does not see a great creative soul who struggled against innumerable obstacles and triumphed as the author of some of the finest poetry the world has known. He does not understand Villon's fundamentally religious character, manifested in a life that was a continual conflict between the forces of good and evil.

Mr. Erskine's book is very readable, but it does not do justice to himself nor to the greatness of Villon. It seems to be written for the sole purpose of attracting popular attention.

The background of fifteenth-century Paris, with its lawlessness, its vice, and its hardness, is a very vital part of this novel. It is remarkable that this François Villon who lived among and was himself a murderer, thief and rogue could still maintain within himself the power to create beautiful poetry. Mr. Erskine, however, overlooks the poet Villon and emphasizes Villon the lover. And yet Villon has lived because he wrote great poetry, not because he had many loves.

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## You Can't Have Everything

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

*You Can't Have Everything* is an amusing but not very convincing story of the problems confronting a young mother who is divorced and remarried. Miss Norris bases her plot on the idea that for every joy we have in the world there is a corresponding sorrow accompanying it. However, the utopian ending of her story eradicates her carefully formed theory. Perhaps the story also lacks reality because it is another story of a beautiful, intelligent and wealthy girl who changes successfully from one husband to another and is responsible for both becoming famous and wealthy. Of course there are a few obstacles to overcome, but they are so easily removed that they might well be overlooked.

Beautiful Cam Sylvester decides to divorce her husband Bob because he is neglecting her—and because she has fallen in love with John Kilgarif, a writer of some repute.

After Cam's marriage to John she discovers that he is jealous of her love for her two small daughters, who are in her custody. Cam, however, very graciously divides her time

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between her husband and daughters until John finally learns to love them as much as Cam does. The story closes on a very idyllic scene with John and Cam enjoying their two sons and Cam's Jane and Joanna.

The story moves rapidly and is an ideal one for one who wants a few moments of relaxation. The plot, however, is too old to be striking, and the problems faced are not vital enough to incite much thought.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y. \$2.00

## Museum

by JAMES L. PHELAN

The author of *Museum* was twice sentenced to death, spent fourteen years in the English prisons, Dartmoor and Parkhurst, and owes his present liberty to friends, who, according to his publisher, were unwilling to permit the waste of such literary works as *Museum*. We are told that the manuscript had to be smuggled out of prison.

There is no mistaking that this production of an Irish agitator is autobiographical, even though it is cast as a novel, with a prisoner named Mansell in the main rôle, and Dartmoor and Parkhurst disguised as Bleakmore and Parkmoor.

If you are upset by cynicism and cruelty and agnosticism and abnormality and blasphemy, which make up to a great extent the texture of prison life, this book will disturb

you. I do not wish to give the impression that the work is entirely repulsive. There is in it an amazing creativeness by which the author transformed his life in prison into something that few lives in prison become. Gifted with an extremely inquisitive mind, he philosophizes, studies his fellow-prisoners with all their queer psychoses, loyalties, moods, aversions, composes music and poetry, finds a simple delight in surprise moves, such as being transferred from the bootmaker's shop to the carpenter shop.

You are bewildered by the exclusive vocabulary that convicts have developed in English prisons. It is a language in itself, all slang, but incredibly expressive.

It was to be expected that the author would be bitter, but the bitterness, strange as it may appear, is toned down by his preoccupation with mental diversions. Throughout, however, his spiritual bitterness remains, manifesting itself in a scoffing agnosticism. At the end, he has Mansell released, only to show him throwing away his life in front of a moving train. And so, in spite of all his pretensions to philosophical inquiry, life is too much of a mystery for him. On page ten, after Mansell had observed a flower plot with the design—*love God*—he asked himself: God? And it seems he never attempted to answer his question, being too taken up with more evident sensory questions.

William Morrow & Co., N. Y. \$2.50.

## The Foundress of The Sisters of The Assumption

by C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

Not many souls destined by God for the formation of others have lived in such an atmosphere as that which enveloped the early years of Eugenie de Bron. Her father was an unbeliever, her mother a woman possessed of natural virtues, but a stranger to the Faith. Providential circumstances directed her to a zealous priest whose direction—almost domination—led her to the founding of the Assumption Sisters.

To the usual struggles and misunderstandings which test such an enterprise were added external dangers—war, revolution, the Commune. The story of the growth of the community, with the account of Mother Eugenie's own spiritual development, is interesting and instructive. Of particular value is the author's appreciation of the spirit of the Sisters of the Assumption. Too little known in the United States, they have won an acknowledged standing in Europe.

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## SHORTER NOTES

THE TWO SCIENCES OF PSYCHOLOGY, by ARTHUR D. FEARON, PH.D. (Pren-tice-Hall, Inc., N. Y. \$2.50) is a general text for beginners in psychology. The chief aim of the author is to correlate the findings of experimental psychology with the deeper teachings of metaphysical or rational psychology in order to present a well-rounded explanation of human nature and behavior. The author's purpose is to be commended and the accomplishment of his task on the whole is quite successful. As a result he presents a very satisfactory introductory text for classroom use and individual study.

THE HEAVENLY WISDOM OF THE SAINTS, by ALEXANDER ZYCHLINSKI, D.D. (St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.50) is an excellent exposition of the Church's teaching on the spiritual life. The author combines deep theological knowledge with simplicity and clarity of expression. The book can be recommended as a reliable guide to earnest souls desiring to lead a spiritual life built upon the secure foundation of Catholic doctrine.

THE NEWMAN BOOK OF RELIGION is edited by Rev. ALOYSIUS AMBRUZZI, S.J. (Geo. Coldwell, Ltd., London, \$1.25) and consists of selections from the works of Cardinal Newman under the two headings of Apologetics and Christian Doctrine. Each subject is introduced by an outline and this is followed by the exposition in the words of Newman. The book has the virtues and defects inherent in such works. In certain cases the editor is forced to include passages as proof or exposition which are weak because Newman discussed the points merely incidentally. On the other hand, doctrines which Newman treated directly can be and are presented with the lucidity and beauty characteristic of the great Cardinal's thought and style. It must be stated, however, that the book is not intended to supersede the textbook in the teaching of religion but rather to be a supplement and companion to it. Used in this way, Father Ambruzzi's book will prove helpful and inspiring.

THE CROSS AND THE BEATITUDES, by MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, N. Y. \$1.00) is a presentation of the parallels between the Seven Last Words spoken from the Cross and the Beatitudes. With characteristic beauty of style and clear insight, Monsignor Sheen leads the reader to understand that the Beatitudes are not platitudes uttered by a humanitarian teacher but are

linked up with the Passion and Cross of Christ. It was on Calvary that Christ gave a living example of the teaching preached in the Sermon on the Mount. The book is full of inspiration and instruction.

BROADCASTING YOUR TALK, by O'BRIEN ATKINSON (The America Press, N. Y. 25 cents) is a brief but splendid piece of work filled with practical and straightforward information on the preparation of speeches. The author has had extensive personal experience in his work with the Catholic Evidence Guild and this has been incorporated in his treatise. Mastery of the contents of this little book will be most helpful to all engaged in preparing and delivering public talks.

THE OFFICIAL SOUVENIR BOOKLET OF THE THIRTY-THIRD EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS (Commonweal Publications, Manila, P.I., \$5.00) Those who wish

a permanent record of the Manila Eucharistic Congress now have available this large and attractive *Official Souvenir Book*. Beautifully bound, it presents in text and with profuse illustrations the story of preparation and fulfillment. After the Congress held in Chicago, that of Manila has naturally been of most interest to Americans. It is well that this record has been prefaced by the history of the only Catholic nation in the Far East. It is a story of permanent value.

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# Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ Secret of the Saints' Sanctity and Power

**H**OW marvelous is the devotion of the people today to the saints! How they flock to the shrines of St. Anthony, St. Theresa, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Gabriel, and many others!

But how much more marvelous was the devotion of the saints to the Passion! St. Paul the Apostle desired "to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." The only ambition of Paul of the Cross from early boyhood days to the day of his death was to make known to the world the Passion of Christ. And the Passion of Christ was truly in the heart of St. Gabriel. It was heard in his words, it was echoed in his life. The crucifix was always before his eyes, sometimes beside his book at study, often in his affectionate hands, and again and again pressed to his loving lips. St. Benedict, St. Dominic, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Anthony, St. Ignatius, were all ardent lovers of the Crucified. St. Theresa resolved when only a little girl to remain always in the spirit of Calvary. And so it was with all the saints. The crucifix was the book from which they learned heavenly wisdom. The Sacred Passion was the secret of their sanctity, and it

is now the secret of their power. "The word of the Cross, to them indeed that perish, is foolishness; but to them that are saved, that is to us, it is the power of God." 1 Cor. 1-18.

Now, what fostered this devotion of the saints to the Passion? It was spiritual reading, meditation, the Holy Mass, and the good use of the Sacraments.

If, therefore, in our devotion to the saints we are losing sight of the Sacred Passion, we have not yet found the hidden manna, and we need not pride ourselves on the solidity of our sanctity.

Members of the Archconfraternity are therefore reminded to take this lesson to heart and to follow the suggestions of their *Rule of Life* on spiritual reading and meditation on the Passion, good use of the Sacraments, and the Holy Mass. Many of the registered members have not as yet procured the *Rule of Life*. Application may be made to the Local Director at any Passionist monastery, or by writing to the undersigned.

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,  
GENERAL DIRECTOR

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,  
UNION CITY, N. J.

## Gemma's League of Prayer

**B**LESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Masses Said . . . . .	15
Masses Heard . . . . .	14,125
Holy Communions . . . . .	8,612
Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	13,532
Spiritual Communions . . . . .	46,241
Benediction Services . . . . .	3,067
Sacrifices, Sufferings . . . . .	34,500
Stations of the Cross . . . . .	3,817
Visits to the Crucifix . . . . .	8,184
Beads of the Five Wounds . . . . .	3,441
Offerings of PP. Blood . . . . .	22,501
Visits to Our Lady . . . . .	26,552
Rosaries . . . . .	15,051
Beads of the Seven Dolors . . . . .	980
Ejaculatory Prayers . . . . .	253,448
Hours of Study, Reading . . . . .	4,491
Hours of Labor . . . . .	8,449
Acts of Kindness, Charity . . . . .	33,410
Acts of Zeal . . . . .	24,464
Prayers, Devotions . . . . .	228,782
Hours of Silence . . . . .	12,802
Various Works . . . . .	11,160
Holy Hours . . . . .	1,403

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclesi. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of  
all the faithful departed through  
the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.



# They Look

# To You

● Last month in these pages Fr. Nicholas Schneiders, C.P., described his *New Venture*. He has been given the task of establishing at Paotsing-Hunan a central BOYS' ORPHANAGE for the Passionist Vicariate of Yüanling.

● His was an urgent but modest appeal. The need of assistance is immediate; but no help is too small to be of service to him or to evoke his prayerful gratitude.

● In this important work of moulding Chinese orphans into useful Catholic citizens, he must look to his friends and to our readers. The effects of his zeal will be measured by the prompt and practical backing he receives from you.

● Whilst his time is devoted to the orphan boys, the Sisters of St. Joseph (Chihkiang) and the Sisters of Charity (Yüanling) are caring for the orphan girls. Donations sent for this worthy charity will be forwarded as designated by you.

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